

**SIGHT SAVING**  
is a science with has become  
perfect through the labour of  
eminent men whose dis-  
coveries have made it possible  
to bring your sight to its  
natural state by the use  
of accurate lenses.

**N. LAZARUS**  
OPTICIAN  
21, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL HONGKONG

# The China Mail

ESTABLISHED 1845

December 17, 1920, Temperature 65°

Barometer 30.03

Rainfall 0.10 inch

Humidity 73.

December 17, 1919, Temperature 60°

No. 18,137.

六拜禮

號八十月二十年十二百九千一英

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1920

日九初月一十申庚九百九千一西

PRICE \$3.00 Per Month

**JEYES**



(By Royal Appointment)  
THE BEST  
DISINFECTANT.

## BUSINESS NOTICES

### HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY CAILLER'S CHOCOLATES

OF THE FINEST QUALITY, NEATLY PACKED  
in ELEGANT BOXES of 1 lb., 2 lbs. & 4 lbs.

The first shipment of really high-class  
Chocolates that are EQUAL TO  
PRE-WAR QUALITY.

At very reasonable prices.

**A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.,**  
THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY.

A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION for  
over THREE-QUARTERS of a CENTURY

**WILKINSON'S**

PREPARED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITY

**SARSAPARILLA**

WONDERFUL PURIFIER of the HUMAN BLOOD

Torpid Liver, Debility, Eruptions, &

**WILKINSON'S** INDISPENSABLE TO

**SARSAPARILLA** ALL WHO VALUE HEALTH

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES

A. S. Watson & Co., Hongkong Dispensary, and Queen's Dispensary.

**DRAGON MOTOR CAR CO.**

(THE EUROPEAN GARAGE)

Motor Cars for Sale and Hire.

Garages at

24, Des Voeux Road.

Tels. 452 & 2552.

## YEE SANG FAT CO.

### XMAS GIFTS

FOR EVERYBODY

FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS  
SILK SHAWLS & SCARFS  
DRESSING GOWNS AND  
DRESSING CASES

### XMAS CARDS

in beautiful designs.  
Many other Xmas Gifts.

**YEE SANG FAT CO.**

Queen's Road and D'Aguilar Street.

### CAPE WINES

OLARET  
DRAKENSTEIN (Hock Style)  
SAVIGNON BLANC (Hock Style)

**CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LD.**  
15, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL. TEL. 75.

### DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELLERY

do not forget that you have to take more care in the choice  
of your dealer than you would with other merchandise.

Buy reputable goods from a reputable firm

**J. ULLMANN & CO.**  
French firm, Est. 1860.

## THE DOLLAR.

To-day's closing rate 3 11/16  
To-day's opening rate 3 11/15

## SPECIAL CABLE

BILLITON TRAGEDY.

MINE RUPTION.

THIRTY-THREE LIVES LOST.

SINGAPORE, Dec. 17.  
It is feared that 33 lives have been  
lost through a mine ruption at  
Billiton.

## MEDICINE DEALERS.

CHINESE ORGANIZATION.

FIRST MEETING HELD.

The Hongkong Chinese Association  
of Medicine Dealers held its first  
meeting at the Tai Ping Theatre on  
Thursday. Mr. Tong Shoo-shan  
presided. The meeting was well  
attended.

The notice convening the meeting  
having been read, Mr. Li Wing-kwong,  
Chairman of the Tung Wah Hospital,  
conducted the opening ceremony in  
behalf of the Association.

Following this the Chairman made  
an address. He said: On behalf of  
the Association, I want to say a few  
words about its aims. To-day may be  
regarded as this Association's birth-  
day. The object of this Association  
is mainly to cement the relations  
between the employers and employees  
of the Medicine Guild, to help mem-  
bers, to transact good for the com-  
munity, to study the medicine of  
various countries and to distinguish  
therefrom the real and the imitation  
and the high from the low-grades,  
to improve methods of manufacture,  
to promote health for the protection  
of the lives of the people and to extend  
the market for medicines. The Asso-  
ciation intends to gradually extend  
its influence by organising a news-  
paper for the unification of medicine  
dealers, raising capital for the pro-  
motion of manufacturing medicines  
and extending the market for their  
sale, and uniting the Western and  
Chinese sciences of medicine. There  
is an old saying that knowledge  
is not difficult but action is.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen, however, reverses  
the idea and says that action is  
not difficult but knowledge is.  
Both ideas are logical, but from my  
point of view, I dare say that know-  
ledge is in fact, not often to be found  
as easy as action. If you want to  
know a thing, you have to acquire  
wisdom and if you want to do a  
thing properly, you must do it accord-  
ing to virtue. Knowledge and action  
must go hand in hand. The one  
cannot do without the other. We must  
therefore maintain the knowledge  
and virtues of the members of this  
Association and stick to our purpose  
with perseverance to effectually carry  
out the principles of mutual help.  
(Applause). We must wash away all  
appearance of being like so much  
scattered sand and do all we can to  
promote the spirit of patriotism. As  
this Association is at its infancy,  
everything is not complete. It is  
just like a child learning to walk.  
It is, however, fortunate, that you,  
gentlemen, have honoured it to-  
day with your presence and we  
earnestly hope that you will favour  
us with your advice for its direction  
from time to time in the same man-  
ner as an elder brother teaches a  
younger one. As the people of the  
Republic must always be friendly to  
each other, should it not be more so  
with us merchants and particularly  
employers and employees, to sacrifice  
our selfish opinions for the promo-  
tion of mutual benefit and help?  
(Applause).

Other speakers followed, wishing  
success to the Association.

## NEW PORTUGUESE CLUB.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

YESTERDAY'S INTERESTING  
CEREMONY.

In the presence of a large gather-  
ing, including many distinguished  
guests, His Excellency the Governor  
of Macao yesterday afternoon laid  
the foundation stone of the new Portu-  
guese Club in Ice House Street.

It was a gala occasion, to which  
special significance was attached by  
the fact that 54 years before, to-  
day, the foundation stone of the old  
Lusitano Club had been laid by the  
former Governor of Macao. The sur-  
roundings of the new site were

brilliantly decorated with flags and ever-  
greens. Long before 4 o'clock, the  
hour set for the ceremony, the place  
was crowded with Portuguese and  
English residents. The Union Jack  
and the Portuguese flag were display-  
ed at the entrance, and a carpeted  
gangway led to the platform. The  
band of the Wiltshire Regiment was  
in attendance and played during the  
proceedings.

Very shortly after 4 o'clock, the  
British and Portuguese national an-  
them announced the arrival of His  
Excellency the Governor of Hong-  
kong, Sir R. E. Stubbs, accompanied  
by Lady Stubbs and Captain McGrath,  
and His Excellency Henrique Mon-  
teiro Correa da Silva, the Governor  
of Macao.

Among the guests were Sir Robert Ho  
Tung, Major-General F. Ventris, the Bishop  
of Victoria, the Hon. Mr. W. Chatham  
C.M.G., the Hon. Mr. H. P. Holroyd,  
the Hon. Mr. A. G. M. Fletcher, the Hon. Mr.  
J. H. Kemp, the Hon. Mr. H. F. Fox,  
Senhor da Albuquerque (Portuguese  
Consul), the Consul and Vice-Consul for  
Peru, the Consul for Mexico and Senor  
P. V. Costa, Acting-Consul for Brazil.

The President of the Club, Mr. A. F. B.  
Silva-Neto, in introducing the Governor  
of Macao, said: "Your Excellency,  
Ladies and Gentlemen,—To-day is the 54th  
anniversary of the inauguration of the  
old Club Lusitano building, which was then  
one of the most important events to the  
Portuguese community in this Colony. 54  
years before to be precise on the 26th  
December, 1866—in the presence of Mr.  
Merrier, then Governor of Hongkong, and  
other high officials of this Colony, a cere-  
mony identical to that which is taking place  
to-day, proved once and for all and an-  
ticipated the cooperation of the Portu-  
guese was of great value to the work which  
was being carried on here by Great Britain  
in furthering Western civilization. As it  
is to-day, two Governors of these friendly  
nations honoured the Portuguese community  
of this Colony on the occasion of the  
laying of the foundation stone of the first  
Club building, thus stimulating the energy  
and patriotism of our forefathers in such  
a manner that the work initiated by them  
54 years ago remains today as well pre-  
served and as consistent; and this is proved  
by the ceremony which is being performed  
to-day.

When Jose Rodrigues Coelho do Amaral  
suggested that the Club should be named  
Lusitano, when this distinguished Governor  
laid most reverently the foundation stone  
of our first building and in a very patriotic  
speech expressed a wish that the act be  
perpetuated, and to his and to our com-  
munity, the members of the Portuguese com-  
munity together and promote good fellowship,  
he certainly spoke prophetically, for his wishes  
were fully realised. The joys and sorrows  
of the Motherland during the 19th cen-  
tury, the political and social changes, the  
trials during her critical moments, the  
aspirations of Portugal for greater achieve-  
ments, the commemoration of her historical  
facts and great men, the resolution of  
Portugal to side with her oldest ally in  
the great war, were keenly felt by all the  
Portuguese scattered abundantly all over  
the world, and this fact demonstrates that  
there exists only one national spirit.

In celebrating the tercentenary of  
Cameo; in reverently lamenting the death  
of its founder and patron the great Portu-  
guese noble as Coelho do Amaral, in which  
ceremonies the Government of Great  
Britain was officially represented by the  
then Governors of the Colony; in paying  
a tribute of high appreciation to national  
literature on the occasion of the present  
laying of the foundation stone to the distinguished  
writer Camilo Castello Branco, and in the  
maintenance of the most valuable Portu-  
guese library in the Far East; the Club  
Lusitano has certainly fulfilled the aspira-  
tions of its first patron, and carried out  
the wishes of the founder, who are today  
represented amongst us by Messrs. E. H.  
d'Almeida, Cav. da O. de S. Tiago, I.S.O.,  
J. L. Salazar Alves, Cav. da O. de Christo  
and F. F. d'Azevedo.

The Portuguese residents here who have  
enjoyed British hospitality do not find  
it difficult to feel themselves strangers. The  
Colony, recognising their loyalty and heroic  
qualities, had sufficient confidence in them to  
give them a share of the defence of this  
territory during the great international  
conflict which for four years threatened  
the unity of the world. To-day we have  
the auspicious occasion of seeing the Govern-  
ors of two heroic nations side by side to honour  
the Portuguese community, of which the  
Club Lusitano is the centre, from which  
radiate the most grateful expressions of  
thanks to hospitable Hongkong and the  
most sublime patriotic feelings for our  
adorable Portugal. In the name of the  
Club I give the honour to thank Your  
Excellencies, Lady Stubbs and  
Correa da Silva who have graced this cere-  
mony by their presence, and the Consuls,  
Government officials and ladies and gen-  
tlemen present.

His Excellency the Governor of Macao  
said that he felt very much honoured at  
having been invited to Hongkong to per-  
form such a notable function as the laying  
of the foundation stone of the new Portu-  
guese Club. It was some 54 or 55 years  
ago since the stone of the old Portuguese  
Club was laid by that celebrated Governor  
of Macao, Jose Rodrigues Coelho do  
Amaral. He had known the gentleman  
well as one of the most renowned men in  
Portugal. Consequently in following such  
a man he felt the difficulties of his position.  
It was a source of very great delight to  
him that the Portuguese Colony of Hong-  
kong were united, both among themselves  
and with the British community. He was  
of the opinion that the Portuguese in  
Hongkong were more friendly and united  
with their neighbours than in any other  
foreign country. (Applause). This had  
been the case for the past 60 years and he  
was hopeful that those friendly relations  
would continue to endure and strengthen  
the future. He also felt very much the  
honour done to the function in the atten-  
dance of His Excellency the Governor of  
Hongkong and Lady Stubbs, and was sure  
that the Portuguese in Hongkong appre-  
ciated the compliment very much.

The history of the relations  
of the Portuguese and British nations for  
the past 600 years had been of the most  
friendly nature. He hoped that the  
alliance would continue for another 600  
years. (Applause).

## ERRLIER-TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

### SUPPLEMENTARY ARMY ESTIMATES.

LONDON, December 16th.  
In the House of Commons, the Supple-  
mentary Army Estimates were passed.

### CHINA IN LEAGUE COUNCIL.

GENEVA, December 16th.  
China has obtained a place as a per-  
manent member of the Council of the  
League.

### BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN CHINA.

LONDON, December 16th.  
A great authority on the Chinese and  
British trade, interviewed by the Daily  
Mail, gave it as his opinion that it was  
of vital importance to attract more  
Chinese students to England, if  
British exports to China were to  
be maintained on the old footing  
of supremacy. If we neglected the most  
obvious way of strengthening Chinese  
sympathies, we were certain to be  
thrust aside. The importance of the  
Chinese market was growing yearly.

### ANTI-JAPANESE AGITATION.

New York, December 16th.  
Judge Gary, head of the United States  
Steel Corporation, in a speech at the  
Japan Society, denounced "the vicious,  
deliberate effort to stir up trouble be-  
tween Japan and the United States."  
He said that if the two nations clashed  
the Americans would be more blame-  
worthy than the Japanese. He trusted  
the honesty and integrity of Japan, and  
declared that Japan was building a navy  
as the last defence against an attack  
without reason. Judge Gary emphasised  
the fact that no other country was spend-  
ing so much money on warships as the  
United States, and declared that the  
Japanese desired intimate friendship  
with the United States.

### RECEPTION AT HONGKONG HOTEL.

After the function at the Club site, the  
guests adjourned to the Hongkong Hotel  
where the Committee of the Club held a  
reception in honour of their Excellencies.  
After refreshments there was dancing.

THE NEW CLUB.  
The new Club will be constructed entirely  
of concrete with ornamental moldings on  
the outer walls. It is situated in a very  
central position running through from Ice  
House Street to Duddell Street. Owing to  
the contour of the land the Ice House Street  
frontage will have only three stories, while  
that in Duddell Street will present four.  
The site covers an area of some 25,500  
square feet, and the height of the building  
will be 75 feet. The design was prepared  
by the late Mr. E. E. Rosser and is now  
in the hands of Mr. A. G. Hewlett. The  
specifications provide for the main  
entrance to be in Ice House Street. The  
basement will in all likelihood be used as  
a bank. The ground floor accommodation  
provides for a vestibule, entrance hall,  
grand staircase, a large billiard room  
(33' 6" x 27' 0"), one small billiard  
room (27' 0" x 17' 0") reading room (27' 0"  
x 15' 0"), bar (33' 6" x 17' 0"), Secretary's  
Office, servants' rooms, lavatories, etc. The  
accommodation on the first floor comprises  
dining hall (35' 0" x 27' 0"), library (34' 6"  
x 27' 0"), retiring or tea room (18' 0" x  
15' 0"), card room (34' 6" x 18' 0"), servants'  
rooms, etc. A wide verandah has also been  
provided. Between the first and second  
floors a Mezzanine floor will be built, in  
which will be housed the kitchen, pantry  
and additional servants' accommodation.  
On the second floor a spacious hall room  
has been provided, at one end of which  
will be a stage (30' 0" x 18' 0") with  
ladies' and gentlemen's retiring rooms on  
each side. Ladies' cloak and dressing rooms  
for gentlemen. The size of the hall room  
will be 58' 0" x 27' 0", giving a floor area  
of 1,566 square feet for dancing. The  
verandah along the whole front of the hall  
room will give added accommodation. The  
room will have a carved ceiling, richly  
moulded and moulded throughout, and con-  
structed for dancing. The grand staircase  
of the building will be of fire-proof con-  
struction, encased in polished teak, with  
handrails wrought from balustrading. All  
internal walls and ceilings will be finished  
in plaster with enrichments and panellings,  
whilst the walls of the hall room will have  
the floor of the verandah, entrance hall,  
etc., will be covered with a design of  
English tiles.

## BUSINESS NOTICES

### GIFTS WORTH THE GIVING

Are to be obtained at  
**SHAW'S**. The high class Men's  
Wear House. The selection  
is Absolutely Unrivalled and  
Everything Bears the hall  
mark of



**J. T. SHAW**  
SPECIALIST IN MEN'S WEAR  
692, NEXT DOOR HONGKONG HOTEL, 692.

WE NOW HAVE LARGE SUPPLIES OF

### BEE TLE VIRUS.

HARMLESS TO DOMESTIC ANIMALS, SAFE AND  
CLEANLY TO USE, BUT MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE  
**EXTERMINATION OF COCKROACHES**

OBTAINABLE FROM

**THE PHARMACY**  
FLETCHER & CO. 22, QUEEN'S ROAD.

## THE GENERAL ELECTRIC Co. (of China), Ltd.

QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, HONGKONG.

Telegrams "Sparkless" Telephone 518  
HEAD OFFICE: SHANGHAI.  
(BRANCHES AT HANKOW, DAIREN AND  
TIENTSIN.)

Representatives throughout China for and affiliated with

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD., LONDON.

Whitton Engineering Works, Birmingham.

(Electrical Plant, Motors, Dynamo, Switch Gear, etc.)

Cable—D.C. & Lamp Works, London.

Wires and Cable Works, London.

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## LAMMERT BROS.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS  
AND SURVEYORS.

## Public Auctions.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction,

on

TUESDAY, December 21, 1920.

Commencing at 11 a.m.

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street.

A Consignment of High Class

Ladies' and Gent's Boots

and Shoes

And

A Selection of Ladies' Costumes.

Dresses, Cloaks in Silk and other

materials. (from Paris).

Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.

Auctioneers.

on

WEDNESDAY, December 22, 1920.

commencing at 12 o'clock (noon)

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street.

35 cases Heideck Extra Dry Cham-

pagne, (12s).

15 cases Duc de Monaco Champagne,

(12s).

50 cases Salamander Brand, ...

500 cases Salamander Brand, No. 1.

34 cases Australian Hock.

44 cases Old Tom Gin.

35 cases French Vermouth.

(in lots to suit all purchasers).

On view now.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.

Auctioneers.

on

THURSDAY, December 23, 1920.

commencing at 5 p.m.

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street.

A Fine Selection of High Class

Cut Crystal Glass-ware,

comprising:—

Bells, Dishes, Decanters, spirit

bottles, scent bottles, vases, jugs, etc.

On view from Wednesday, the 22nd

inst.

Catalogues will be issued.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.

Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 18, 1920.

## FOR SALE

## MILNER'S SAFES

Apply to

LAMMERT BROS.

Duddell Street.

## INTIMATIONS

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO  
BE WITHOUT THEM.

JUST received a large Consignment of (1) LACTOGEN the most digestive food for Infants which keeps good in quality during Hot weather (2) LACTOSE (Milk Sugar) for sweetening the foods of Infants and Dyspeptics (3) MILFORD-McGRATH FLUID INSECTICIDE the Best Fluid for destroying Flies, Mosquitoes, Bugs, Flies and all other Insect Pests in Summer days, and (4) JOEY CARRIERS GOLDEN FLEECE MAGIC and GENDERELLA SOAPS for keeping everything clean in Houses.

PRICES are Very Moderate. Inspection and Enquiries are cordially invited.

SHIU FUNG TAI &amp; CO.,

Sole Agents for Hongkong and South China.

Nos. 6 &amp; 8, Connaught Road Central, Hongkong.

Telephone Nos. 128.

理代泰豐

## Xmas Presents

Stamps, Albums,

Lucky Baskets,

and

Toys,

at cheap prices.

Inspection invited.

GRACA &amp; CO.,

DEALERS IN RELIGIOUS BOOKS, TOYS,

PHILATELIC GOODS, SEEDS, &amp;c.

No. 10, Wyndham Street,

H. O. Box 620. Hongkong.

JAPANESE MAKERS.

Every kind of Footwear.

MADE

TO

ORDER

CHERRY &amp; CO.,

PEDDER STREET,

Opposite Hongkong Hotel

Telephone No. 49.

Hongkong, March 20, 1914

MASSAGE HALL

Graduate from Nagasaki Massage School.

Mrs. HAN INOUECHI

Phone No. 1964.

25, Stanley Street,

1st Floor.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.

THERAPION No. 1

THERAPION No. 2

THERAPION No. 3

No. 1 for Rheumatism, No. 2 for Gout, &amp;

No. 3 for Neuralgia. Price in Hongkong.

Sole Importers: THE CHINA MAIL, Ltd.

25, Stanley Street, Hongkong.

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## D.J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DIARRHOEA, and is the only

Specific in CHOLERA and

DYSENTERY.

Chlorodyne is a Liquid taken in drops, graduated according to the malady. It invariably relieves pain of whatever kind; creates a calm refreshing sleep; allays irritation of the nervous system when all other remedies fail; leaves no bad effects; and can be taken when no other medicine can be tolerated.

CONVINCING MEDICAL TESTIMONY WITH EACH BOTTLE.

New Genuine without the words Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne on the Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists.

Price in England, 1/11, 2/9, 4/6.

Sole Manufacturers: T. DAVENPORT, Ltd., London, S.E.

## C &amp; B TABLE DELICACIES

NOTHING FINER—BOTTLED OR CANNED.

The first requisites with CROSSE &amp; BLACKWELL

Delicacies are Quality, Purity and Freshness.

30 Varieties of SOUPS, 15 Varieties of POTTED MEATS,

OXFORD SAUSAGES, OATMEAL, OILS, VINEGAR &amp; TINNED FISH.

CROSSE &amp; BLACKWELL

Agents for the Straits Settlements and F.M.S.

BY APPOINTMENT

## EARLIER TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

## M.C.C. TOUR.

SYDNEY, December 15th.

In the match between the New South

Wales Colts and the M.C.C., the former

scored 84 runs in the first innings, Wad-

dington taking 8 wickets for 33.

The M.C.C. scored 102 in their first

essay, Hearn contributing 144 and

Hendren 211.

The Colts, in their second innings,

made 148 runs for 4 wickets.

The match ended in a draw.

## GERMAN CABLES DISPUTE.

NEW YORK, December 15th.

The State Department states that the

modus vivendi regarding the ex-German

cable negotiations was discovered and

approved unanimously. It is therefore,

appears that France has also agreed to

the arrangement.

## NORWAY RAILWAY STRIKE.

CHRISTIANIA, December 15th.

The railway strike has come to an end.

The men have completely capitulated.

## JAPANESE IN VLADIVOSTOK.

LONDON, December 15th.

The Japanese Embassy has issued a

statement regarding the situation in

Vladivostok which concludes by declar-

ing that, apart from the political ques-

tions arising from the Bolshevik develop-

ments, Japan has important commercial

interests in Vladivostok which she can-

not leave to the tender mercies of an

avowedly Bolshevik regime.

## ALLEGED B.M.B. SLAVERY.

LONDON, December 15th.

The Colonial Office has issued a White

Paper dealing with the Anti-Slavery

Society's allegations against the Ad-

ministration of the British North Borneo

Company, containing the report of Sir

West Ridgeway and the Hon. Mountstuart

Elphinstone denouncing the society and

finding all the charges as untrue.

Lord Milner expresses gratification at

the fact that the charges have been satis-

factorily met.

## CHINA RELIEF FUND APPEAL.

LONDON, December 15th.

At the special appeal made on behalf

of the China Famine Fund on the occa-

sion of the meeting at the Mansion

House, the Lord Mayor presiding, many

distinguished people were present, in-

cluding Sir John Jordan, Sir Charles

Addis, the Chinese Minister, and Mr.

F. P. Anderson.

Mr. Sze paid a tribute to the help

already given by Great Britain. Never-

theless, he said, they will have fifteen or

sixteen million people suffering from

starvation before Spring. Large sums

are still urgently needed.

Several large donations were an-

nounced.

PARIS, December 15th.

A big entertainment has been arranged

here in aid of the Chinese Famine

Funds. The programme is exclusively

Chinese, including theatricals and con-

juring.

## NEW CABLES TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

WASHINGTON, December 15th.

Mr. Carlton, President of the Western

Union has informed the Senate Com-

mittee that the company's cable from

Barbados, which it was originally desired

to land at Miami, Florida, will be con-

nected with the United States, via Cuba,

despite the opposition of the American

Government, which had notified that it

would take the necessary steps to pre-

vent such a connection.

Mr. Carlton stated that he had had

plans for direct cables via the

Azorian Islands, to Japan and China.

"I have the assurance," he said, "of

the British authorities that there would

be no trouble in landing in China."

## OLD TIBET.

## MYSTERIES REVEALED.

## "FOSSIL NATION'S" ODD JEWELLERY.

J. H. Davis in a Bulletin of the

American Museum of Natural His-

tory.

Out of Tibet the secret, remote

and forbidding, there has come to

us a treasure-trove to which clings

an atmosphere of oriental mystery

and barbarism.

Often before, missionaries return-

ing from far-off countries have

brought back costumes, weapons and

implements which have thrown

light on the customs and culture

of the people who had made

them. And now again a missionary

—the Rev. H. B. Marx, for sixteen

years attached to a Moravian mission

on the Indian side of the Tibetan

border—brings such a collection.

Through funds provided by J. P.

Morgan, the collection has been ob-

tained for the American Museum of

Natural History in New York City

and has already been placed on

exhibition.

There are more than two hundred

and thirty pieces in the new Tibetan

collection, and they cover every

phase of the life of Tibet. There are

native costumes—the men's consist-

ing of a small hat trimmed with

artificial flowers, long woollen gown,

shawl and belt, coarse woollen trou-

sers and shoes with heavily felted

soles. The women's civil dress is

much the same, but includes great

brass pins, and silver filigree

ornaments set with turquoises and

coral.

## ODD TIBETAN JEWELLERY.

There are large earrings and finger

rings also of silver and set with tur-

quoises. Necklaces made of very

large beads of amber, coral and

turquoise are worn as ornaments, but

have also religious significance, for

their colours are recognized as

symbolical. In some parts of Tibet

there are three, in other parts five

colours recognized as symbols: Yel-

low for the earth; blue for the water;

red for light and warmth; green for

the wind, and white for the clouds

or heaven.

The five colours are used in the

elaborate costumes of the "Devil

Dancers," and in the masks used in

the ceremonies for driving away de-

mons. Of these Todgam the five-

skull mask is especially celebrated

and sacred. The five skulls sur-

mounting the mask are supposed to

be the skulls of slain enemies, tro-

phies of the Devil Dance, who repre-

sents a warrior of the old Tibetan

mythology.

Also of great religious significance

are the dorje and the dorje purbu

representing the thunderbolt. These



**Hughes & Hough**  
AUCTIONEERS TO THE GOVERNMENT

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Shares, Coal and General  
Produce Brokers and  
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"To-Kwa-Wan" Coal Storage.

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Telegraphic Address  
"MELIUX" HONGKONG.

**PUBLIC AUCTIONS**

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction, (FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),

**TUESDAY,**  
December 21, 1920, commencing at 2.30 p.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street.

**WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,**  
Comprising:—  
Pillow Cases, Quilts, Turkish Towels, Bath Towels, Bath Sheets, Double Bed Sheets, Drawnwork Bedspreads, Table Covers, Crocheted and Drawnwork Doilies, Table Cloths, Linen Damask Serviettes.

Also  
A few lots of Kit Bags, Suit Cases, and Attache Cases, etc.  
(Full Particulars from Catalogue).

**HUGHES & HOUGH,**  
Auctioneers.  
Hongkong, December 16, 1920.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),  
on  
**TUESDAY,**  
December 21, 1920, commencing at 2.30 p.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of Ice House Street.

**TRAWKWOOD AND BLACKWOOD FURNITURE, BRASS AND TEAKWOOD TWIN BEDSTEADS BRASS-MOUNTED BEDSTIFFS, CARPETS, &c., &c.,**  
comprising:—  
Chamberfield Sofas, Arm-chairs (new), Folding Card and Occasional Tables, One Upholstered Suite, Bedroom Furniture comprising Teakwood Twin Bedsteads, large and small Wardrobes, Dressing Tables, and Chairs, Washstands, etc. (tinned Teakwood), Sideboards, Dinner Wagon, Extension Dining Tables and Chairs, etc., Dinner Service, Crockery, and Glass Ware, Cooking Stoves, Outlets, etc., Bath Room Utensils, Electro-Plated Ware, Electric Reading Lamps, Teakwood Screens, Sundry Blackwood Furniture, Side Tables, Chairs, Cabinets, Pictures, Carpets, etc.

Also  
American Ice Chest, Enamelled Bath, several lots Tennis Balls, etc.  
(Full Particulars from Catalogue).

Terms—Cash.  
**HUGHES & HOUGH,**  
Auctioneers.  
Hongkong, December 15, 1920.

**FLUGEL'S**  
AERATED  
WATER  
MACHINES

Big Profits  
Made Out of  
BOTTLED WATER  
WATER FILTERED  
PURITY ASSURED  
CROWN COKE  
BOTTLED STRONG  
& COOL BOTTLES  
FILLED

WRITE AT ONCE FOR PARTICULARS TO  
**FLUGEL & CO. LTD.** GREEN LANE, LONDON, N.W.

**MOHIDEEN & CO.**  
JEWELLERS.

35 and 40, Queen's Road Central.

Are shortly removing to No. 64 Queen's Road, Central, and to facilitate removal are disposing of their large stocks of precious stones and jewellery at exceptionally favourable prices. A splendid opportunity is offered of obtaining genuine articles cheaply.

**INTIMATIONS**

**NOTICE.**

HOLDERS of Temporary Bonds of CREDIT NATIONAL 1919 LOAN are notified that these bonds have to be exchanged in Paris against definitive bonds before March 1921.

Customers having subscribed through our Branch can apply to our office for exchange of the said Bonds.

**BANQUE DE L'INDO-CHINE,**  
Hongkong Agency.  
Hongkong, December 14, 1920.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.**

A GENERAL MEETING of the QUEEN'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION will be held in Queen's College, Room 9, on MONDAY evening, December 20th, at 5.30 p.m.

Business:—To elect Officers-Bearers. To draw up Rules etc. To draw up provisional programme of events.

Any other business.  
You are earnestly requested to endeavour to be present and to inform any Old Boys of your acquaintance who are not already members.

**JOHN C. FLETCHER,**  
Acting Secretary.  
Hongkong, December 14, 1920.

**REPULSE BAY HOTEL.**

THE completion of the Ball Room Extension has increased the Dance Floor capacity to 6,000 Square Feet.

**CABARET DINNER DANCES**  
will be held at the above Hotel on the following dates:—

**TO-DAY**  
(SATURDAY), 18th December, 1920.

**WEDNESDAY,** 22nd December, 1920.

**XMAS EVE FRIDAY,** 24th December, 1920.

**BOXING DAY, MONDAY,** 27th December, 1920.

**WEDNESDAY,** 29th December, 1920.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE, FRIDAY,** 31st December, 1920.

**AND**

**NEW YEAR'S DAY, SATURDAY,** 1st January, 1921.

**HONGKONG HOTEL.**

**CABARET DINNER DANCE**  
**XMAS NIGHT, SATURDAY,** 25th December, 1920.

**SMITH AND JACKSON,**

will entertain with the latest coon songs and dances on the above dates.

**HONGKONG HOTEL.**

**NEW YEAR'S EVE, FRIDAY,** 31st December, 1920.

THE attention of patrons is drawn to the fact that the usual dance will not be held at the Hotel on the above date, as the entire accommodation has been booked from 9.30 p.m. for the "AT HOME" to be given by Lt. Col. J. B. Wyndham and Officers of the 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire Regiment).

Hongkong, December 15, 1920.

**THE CHINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, (1918) LIMITED.**

THE SECOND ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the Offices of the Company, St. George's Building, Chater Road, Victoria, Hongkong, on THURSDAY, the 23rd December, 1920, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of accounts and the report of the General Managers for the year ended 30th September, 1920, and electing a Consulting Committee and Auditors.

The TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be CLOSED from FRIDAY, the 17th December, 1920, until THURSDAY, the 23rd December, 1920, both days inclusive.

**SHEWAN, TOMES & CO.,**  
General Managers.  
Hongkong, December 7, 1920.

**THE HONGKONG LAND INVESTMENT & AGENCY CO., LTD.**

**LOST.**

THE SHARE CERTIFICATE No. 1603 for Two Shares numbered 46191/46192 standing in the Register in the name of LUE YUE SAM (deceased) late of Hongkong having been LOST—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that unless that said Certificate be produced at the office of the Company, 5 Queen's Road Central, Victoria, Hongkong, on or before the 5th day of January, 1921, a new Certificate for the said shares will be issued and the old Certificate will thereafter be held by the Company as null and void.

**MOWBRAY S. NORTHCOTE,**  
Secretary.  
Hongkong, December 2, 1920.

**PERSONAL.**

**SEE PAUL PENDLETON,** Office No. 11, Great Eastern Hotel, 122, Connaught Road.

**WANT ADVERTISEMENTS**

25 WORDS 3 INSERTIONS \$1. PREPAID.  
Each additional word 4 Cents for 3 insertions.

**FOR SALE.**

**FOR SALE.—FIRST CLASS Pedigree** Scotch Terriers and Aberdeen Terriers. Orders for any breed of DOGS promptly executed with satisfactory results by late Kennelman to Sir Samuel Hardern. Only bona fide purchasers need apply Box 1240, c/o "China Mail."

**TO LET.**

**TO LET.—For immediate occupation** THREE LARGE and LIGHT ROOMS suitable for offices. Central position. Apply P. O. Box No. 73.

**WANTED.**

**WANTED.—By GENTLEMAN** FRENCH CONVERSATION, lessons for the time of about one month and one hour everyday, stating terms. Apply Box No. 1246, c/o "China Mail."

**TO LET.**

**TO LET.—IMMEDIATE OCCUPATION.—A FEW THREE ROOMED EUROPEAN FLATS IN "ORIENT BUILDINGS," CORONATION ROAD, ROWLOON. MODERATE RENTAL.** Apply J. CLARK CLARK, Architect and Surveyor, 14, Queen's Road, Central.

**COLONIAL SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT.**

**No. S. 352.**—IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that Sealed Tenders in duplicate, which should be clearly marked "TENDERS FOR QUARRIES," will be received at this Office until Noon on MONDAY, the 20th day of December, 1920, for the letting of the undersigned Granite Quarries at Hongkong, Kowloon, and the New Territories for one year or, as an alternative, for a period of 3 years from the 1st January, 1921.

Each tender must be accompanied by a receipt to the effect that the tenderer has deposited in the Colonial Treasury a sum as stated in the schedule hereunder opposite to each quarry, as a pledge of the bona fide of his offer, which sum shall be forfeited to the Crown if the tenderer refuses to carry out his tender and comply with the conditions hereinafter contained, should the tender be accepted.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

Forms of tender can be obtained from the Director of Public Works.

**PARTICULARS OF THE QUARRIES.**

Quarry Lot No.	Approximate Area in Acres.	Upper Annual Crown Rent.	Deposit with Tender.
Shaukiwan Nos. 3 and 4. ....	78.15	5,100	\$50
Hok Un No. 6. ....	8.44	4,100	700
Ma Tan Kok No. 8. ....	4.60	2,100	200
Jordan Road No. 10. ....	4.65	1,500	250
Ngau Tan Kok No. 6. ....	2.22	1,100	200
Ngau Tan Kok Nos. 1-5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 20, and 25. ....	10.40	2,600	350
Cha Kwo Ling Nos. 1-50. ....	24.56	2,400	400
Sai To Wan Nos. 1-16. ....	15.53	700	100
Lyemun Nos. 1-25. ....	25.44	2,600	460
Lyemun No. 26. ....	2.10	500	65
Ngau Tan Kok A/16 and A/17. ....	2.60	250	30
Ngau Tan Kok No. 28. ....	.56	200	30
Too Tee Wan No. 1. ....	1.84	200	30
Too Tee Wan No. 2. ....	1.84	200	30
Ab Kung Ngam No. 1. ....	1.90	750	100

The attention of the tenderers for Hok Un No. 6 is hereby drawn to the fact that the road between K.M.L. 53 and 69 will be completely closed and that it will not be available for conveyance of stone to junks after 21st December, 1920.

**WAR MEMORIAL.**

**SUBSCRIPTION LIST.**

FOR the erection by Public Subscription, of a building to be run on "YM.C.A. lines, to be called the WAR MEMORIAL INSTITUTE and to be managed for the joint use of the Navy, the Army and Civilians by a Joint Board of Directors.

Lists may be found at:—  
Messrs. Lane Crawford.  
"Kelly & Walsh."  
Montre.

The Hongkong Club.  
"Hongkong Cricket Club."  
Club Lusitano.  
"Engineers' Institute."  
Victoria Recreation Club.  
Kowloon Cricket Club.  
Kowloon Bowling Club.  
Peak Club.  
Club de Regatta.  
"Craigsgower Club."

**M. J. BREEN,**  
Hon. Secretary.  
War Memorial Committee.  
Hongkong, December 15, 1920.

**MIN RIVER CONSERVANCY.**

Notification No. 9.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** that TENDERS are invited for a vertical-boiler about four feet in diameter and nine feet in height, either new or used, together with the usual steam and water mountings suitable for use on a Priestman Dredger. Tenders will be considered only on boilers in good working condition.

Tenders stating dimension with other particulars of the boilers and mountings, term, time of delivery, etc., will be received up to 21st December by the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Min River Conservancy.

The Conservancy does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

**P. E. WALSHAM,**  
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer  
to the Min River Conservancy.  
Fookchow 30th November, 1920.

**NOTICE.**

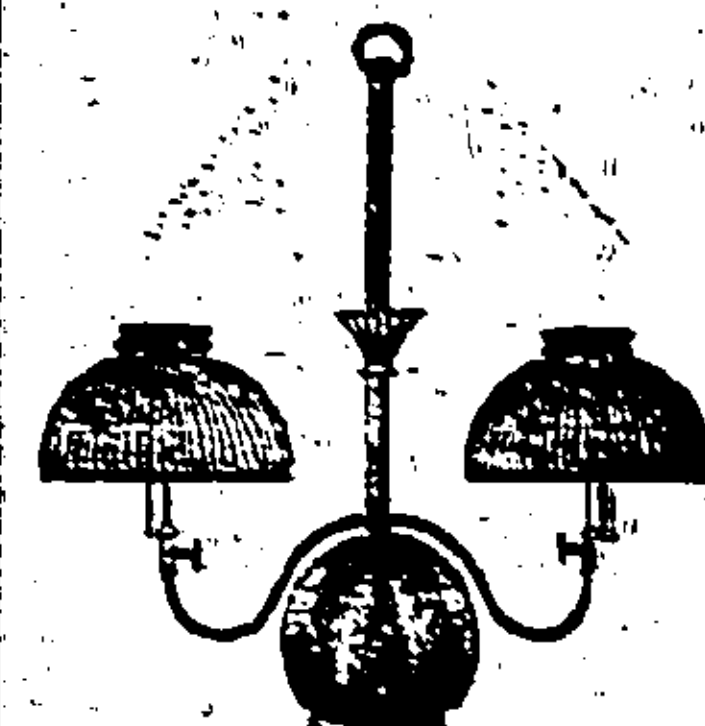
THE ADMIRAL LINE are representing the S.S. "WOODRIGHEM" as discharging Agents. We have no other interest in this steamer.

**PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
Hotel Manicoba.  
Hongkong, December 17, 1920.

**SHORTHAND.**

**ANGLO-FRENCH SCHOOL.** Causeway Bay. An Evening Class for Lessons in Pitman's Shorthand will be opened at the above School on FRIDAY, 1st January, 1921. For terms etc. Apply to the Headmistress.

**HANG THE BEST**  
FOR YOUR PARLOUR.



Brighter than Electricity  
COSTS a little over 2 cents  
for 3 hours use.

BUILT of durable brass and steel.

Noting to get out of order. Will last a life time. Gives 600 Candle power of brilliant white light.

SOLE AGENTS:

**TANG LUY & CO.**

66, Connaught Road, Central.

P. O. Box No. 35a.

Telephone No. 1570.

**NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES**

**NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.**

THE Steamship

"NIPPON."

From TRESTE, VENICE, PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods are being landed at their risk into the Godowns of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf and Godown Company, Ltd., at Kowloon, whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

Optional Cargo will be forwarded unless notice to the contrary be given before 13th inst.

No claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all Goods remaining undelivered after the 18th inst., will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the Undersigned on or before the 29th inst., or they will not be recognized.

All broken, chafed, and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 13th inst., at 10 a.m.

No Fire Insurance has been effected. Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

**DODWELL & CO., LTD.,**  
Agents.  
Hongkong, December 13, 1920.

**"BEN" LINE OF STEAMERS.**

From LEITH, MIDDLESBRO, LONDON AND STRAITS.

THE Steamship

"BENRINNES."

CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods are being landed at their risk into the Godowns and/or extra hazardous Godowns of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf and Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

No Claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all Goods remaining undelivered after the 20th inst., will be subject to rent.

All claims against the Steamer must be presented to the Undersigned on or before the 27th inst., or they will not be recognized.

All broken, chafed, and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 20th inst., at 10 a.m.

No Fire Insurance has been effected. Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

**GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., LTD.**  
Agents.  
Hongkong, December 13, 1920.

**KEEP FIT!**

It's the regular morning glass of ENO'S that is most beneficial to mind and body and gives the normal, healthy outlook for the day ahead.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**  
Soothing, Refreshing, Cleansing, SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 10, Broad Street, W. London, E.C.4.

**PALACE MOTOR Co., Ltd.**

Phone Central 844  
Western Branch 2148  
Kowloon Branch 8307  
New Cars For Hire & For Sale.  
Private Cars garaged.  
Repairing Cars a Speciality.

**Y. NAGATA**

Furs made up Artistically.  
Furs cleaned and Remodelled.  
Call at Private Residences by Appointment.  
Address—4th Floor, 41 Prince Street.

**Y. NAGATA**

Furs made up Artistically.  
Furs cleaned and Remodelled.  
Call at Private Residences by Appointment.  
Address—4th Floor, 41 Prince Street.

**Y. NAGATA**

Furs made up Artistically.  
Furs cleaned and Remodelled.  
Call at Private Residences by Appointment.  
Address—4th Floor, 41 Prince Street.

JUST RECEIVED SHIPMENT OF  
**3 H.P. CLEVELAND**  
MODEL 1920/21 MOTOR CYCLES

75 Miles to the Gallon

**\$335** **\$335**

**ALEX. ROSS & CO.**  
25, DES VAUX ROAD CENTRAL.  
HONGKONG.

ASK FOR

**WHITE HORSE**  
WHISKY

QUANTITY limited—  
QUALITY and AGE  
maintained.

ESTAB. 1742.

**MACKIE & CO.**  
DISTILLERS LTD.  
CRAIGLACHIE,  
ISLAND OF ISLAY,  
GLASGOW, LONDON.

**"Rexine"**

The material that is superior to leather in wearing qualities and appearance, yet costs only one quarter as much.

For upholstering furniture, motor cars, etc.: for the shoe and slipper trade: for bookbinding: for bags and fancy goods, it is unequalled.

Rexine brand leathercloth is made in all grains and colours to look exactly like leather. It is in use all over the world and has stood the test of time.

**REXINE LTD., HYDE,**  
nr. Manchester, England.  
Agents:  
Frost, Hatherly & Co. Ltd., 8, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.  
W. Forster & Co., Perth.

WE HAVE PREPARED  
THE FINEST STOCK OF

**Cigars,**  
**Cigarettes &**  
**Smoking Sundries**  
FOR THIS XMAS.

YOU ARE WELCOMED

**TABAQUERIA FILIPINA**  
38-40, Queen's Road Central.



## AT THE Hongkong Dispensary.

You will experience no difficulty in making a selection of really elegant and useful articles for seasonable gifts, whether for ladies or gentlemen:—

**A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.**  
Established 80 Years.

**Wm. Powell Ltd.**  
TELEPHONE 346

**'XMAS IS COMING.'**  
**POWELL'S.**  
**XMAS BAZAAR AND FANCY DEPT.**  
Is now replete with a well selected variety of  
**USEFUL**  
**INEXPENSIVE**  
**AND**  
**ATTRACTIVE TOYS**  
**AND GIFTS.**

### CAR OWNERS.

Prolong the life of your Car by keeping it in condition. Inspection monthly by an Expert Motor Engineer will cut your Repair Bill down and save you Expense, Time, Trouble and Annoyance.

For particulars apply to

**E. MOW FUNG,**  
F. W. D. Automotive Service Department,  
60, Des Voeux Road Central.

### DEATHS.

**STAINFIELD.**—On November 9, at Melbourne, Australia, George Stainfield, aged 76 years, late of Hongkong.

**HENDERSON.**—On the 10th inst., at Liverpool, Robert Henderson, late Secretary of the Green Island Cement Co., Ltd.

### The China Mail.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, PUBLIC SERVICE.

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1920.

### ADVERSARIA.

With regard to last week's talk of "booting me out of the colony," I have received an explanation and apology. I am assured the dire threat was made only one small group, and that they are "asses who should not be booting me out of the colony." These asses, who count on doing the square thing by "booting me out of the colony," assure me that a man would be got up to keep me if I threatened to go away. They say "Hongkong without me would be a wreck," and they tell me something I did not know. They say that Mr. Ma made the same objection to the isolated table of civil service at the dinner. He said, "I am not a member of the civil service, but I am a member of the colony." Well, that also is to be expected, but it does not bring me to the conclusion that I am in Hongkong as a member of the civil service. I am here as a member of the colony.

It is understood (in exchange) that those tradesmen who did not lower prices when exchange went up will not now raise them when it is down.

In a desperate attempt to be funny, a China Mail interviewer represented me as hiding under a printing machine from the wrath of Mr. Wilden. It was, of course, a lie. I'm not afraid of anybody. I'm ready to take on the whole of the Boxing Association. If the purse is big enough to make it worth my while. But that isn't what I really started out to say in this paragraph. I want to point out that the Naval Officers who have objected to these small purses are overlooking what should be a bigger thing to themselves. Training for these events keeps not only the competitors away from booze and worse, but, by force of example, the ring of admirers that each competitor has. It is in the interests of the Navy, and of the officers, that the Boxing Association should be encouraged to entice the men into the clean and wholesome life.

I do not happen to know whence Mr. R. L. Taylor of U.S.A. got his news of the dinosaur having had a double brain, but assuming the fact, he handles it just right in the following verses:

Behold the mighty dinosaur,  
Famous in prehistoric lore.  
Not only for his weight and strength,  
But for his intellectual length.  
You will observe by these remains  
The creature had two sets of brains—  
One in his head (the usual place),  
The other at his spinal base.  
Thus he could reason a priori  
As well as a posteriori.  
No problem bothered him a bit;  
He made both head and tail of it.  
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,  
Each thought filled just a spinal column.  
If one brain found the pressure strong,  
It passed a few ideas along.  
If something slipped his forward mind,  
'Twas rescued by the one behind.  
And if in error he was caught,  
He had a saving afterthought.  
As he thought twice before he spoke,  
He had no judgments to revoke.  
For he could think, without congestion,  
Upon both sides of every question.  
Oh, gaze upon this model beast,  
Defunct ten million years at least!

Chastity, took away with it, for people like myself do not often get the opportunity to enter the houses of the great. Almost the first thing I noticed was that the house of the Director of Public Works was well fitted with no less than three water closets. I seemed to remember that the P.W.D. had been frowning on all applications for such flushes in the Peak District. If I'm not mistaken, the Peak Club was refused one. Yet here, in his own house, the D.P.W. had three. How fashion?

After my big defeat and disappointment over the bathing institute, beaches which "I'm told" was a moral victory, I'm rather backed by the new advertisements calling for subscriptions to the War Memorial Institute. Evidently now the "finest site" scheme is completely dropped, and this valuable piece of public property is still available for the benefit of the public. We will find a sensible use for it one of these days.

An impudent letter appeared in the Daily Press yesterday morning, from some busybody objecting to art criticisms in that paper. The letter began with a lie, speaking of the Art Club as a private affair, whereas it advertises its shows and charges for admission. But it is to the alleged principle this new censor of journalism sets up that I object. I resent it. Good work, says, proclaims itself; some remarks on the points in which it excels help the public to appreciate it. Bad work condemns itself; it is necessary to drag its faults to light publicly, except in so far as it may be of help to the artist? For "good work" read "virtue," and for "bad work" read "vice," and you have an analogy which would silence the clergy. This letter was written, not in the interests of art, but of human vanity. That is quite evident. Where an amateur is a true amateur (in the derivative sense of the word) a ruthless pointing out of faults and failures must be helpful. Where self-love is the only love concerned, such criticism is the only way to kill it. Where improvement is impossible, the dabbler should quit. This letter

is incompetent, anyway, for he says, "the majority of the work was excellent." It wasn't. He is mischievous, for honest criticism is so rare here that it should be welcomed, not discouraged. This criticism (which I didn't read) must have been honest, because he points out that it was made without consulting the decisions of the judges.

Yam, my'ad broon  
Password, breed by'akt in a  
brick yubem maks ma fair  
gyversoun.

A reader signing himself "Bather" sends in a suggestion from an Australian paper, for concrete bathing pools like the one at Scarborough, which is tidally filled and flushed. The suggestion does not help us at all, for such concrete baths are constructed on beaches, and we are not allowed the beaches on which to construct 'em. If we had the beaches, we wouldn't need the concrete bathing pools.

It is the little things that tell. My colleague Peter Pan has shown me a letter from one of the children in which the dear mite says, "I enjoy reading your column as much as Daddy seems to enjoy reading Adversaria."

In the suite of the THIRST for forty-two chapters, it is written: "There is nothing like lust. Lust may be said to be the most powerful passion. Fortunately, we have one thing which is more powerful. If the thirst for truth were weaker than passion, how many of us would be able to follow the way of righteousness?"

Correspondence appears in the CHINA ASSOCIATION. British Chambers of Commerce Journal showing, as was only to be expected, that the China Association does not want to die now that its occupation is gone. Its apologetic suggests that there are political questions the Chambers shouldn't or couldn't handle, which is fudge; but his main point is the "close connection" between the China Association and the Foreign Office. That is easily discounted by the much closer connection of the Associated Chambers, which has been officially recognized and specially encouraged by a circular letter to Consuls from the Foreign Secretary. There is hardly any conceivable political question which does not affect trade, and on which the Chambers' opinion is not now sought, and anything the China Association continues to try to do must now be mere duplication. Our advice to the China Association was to die gracefully. It may not take it, but it will die anyhow.

These men must get away with it, with some people, or surely they wouldn't keep on trying it with me. "Enter a handicap" says one. "No," says I. "Yes, you will. I'll put your name down, anyway." Later on comes a "phone message": "Can you play your tie to-night?" My yea means yea and my nay nay, and I'll prove it to these people whatever happens. Sometimes it is the families. "Have a drink," "No, thanks." "Oh, come on. One more won't hurt you." That's true; but the impudence of one will try to override mine does hurt. Confound their insolence. This is really the moral of Mr. Walpole's wonderful new novel, "The Captives," although most of the critics missed it. I would sooner not have a friend in the world than retain one that would persistently try to impose his will on mine. It is worse than stealing one's purse. It robs one of character, of moral fibre. It is an insult. I never try to do it to others. I make requests, but I never have to be refused twice.

This must be about the tenth EARTHQUAKE. Hongkong earthquake I have experienced without knowing it. Although I was seated high up in an old and very shaky building, in the heart of the city, I felt nothing. I cannot admit that I am "earthquake-blind," for I have felt them in other countries. I think Hongkong earthquakes must be like a certain sort of matches, that strike only on the box, and not always then.

There is one fool who is commended for his wisdom. He is God's fool. He has become a fool for his Master's sake. The worldly-wise man condemns him as a senseless idealist. But true wisdom is found with him, for he sees the world, himself, and his fellows, and the tangled puzzle of life, with the eyes of truth. He values every object which claims his attention in the scales of truth and justice. Faith is to him the touchstone of reality. He knows how to forfeit the prizes of this world for the enduring rewards of spiritual progress. The world counts him prodigal, senseless, thoughtless, or fantastic. But wisdom is ever

justified of her children. You'd never guess that to be from the London Times, but it is.

Roof gardens are our roof jolly things, in the GARDEN. country where they originated. You go up, take refreshments, watch the show, whatever it is, and enjoy the gaiety. So far the Hongkong Hotel scheme "listens good," as they say across the Pacific. But now listen to Hongkong's inevitable Jeremiah. "The pictures will be no good, because Ray's company has the monopoly for South China. It won't pay the hotel, because there aren't enough lifts to carry up sufficient people. It won't pay the people, because they must buy refreshments, and they'll be charged roof prices." Moreover, some sort of cover will be needed. The P.W.D. will not allow a substantial one, and the typhoons will not allow a flimsy one. Thus the Hongkong Jeremiah is always taking the f out of life.

Loat Fraser in the Daily Mail foresees a coming financial catastrophe to overwhelm our native land. We are approaching bankruptcy, from which individuals may recover, but nations never. The Coalition has not one single act of retrenchment to its credit. "They are rationing food. They are talking of rationing food. They know that if the coal strike lasts very long it will bring down the revenue with a run and necessitate heavy additional taxation. Why don't they do what every private business man is doing and cut down their expenditure? Why don't they stop all new and costly undertakings and ration the money now being poured out to their squandering Departments?"

The death of William R. J. P. Senior of The Field is announced to have taken place at Croydon, recently. He was well-known to all anglers as "Redspinner," but he was known to me personally as a brother journalist. We visited the Paris exhibition together twenty years ago. That would be about nine years before he retired from the editorship of The Field. He was not much over sixty then, and very active. An amiable man, of the old school.

The Water Authority of Hongkong is not an Impersonal Department that works by Law. It seems to be singularly like a human being, and a mean, cantankerous human being at that.

Mr. H. C. Best of No. 14 Conduit Road tells me this story. He lives in a house owned by Mr. Nemaze. The water meter, which serves two tenants, took a fit one day and pretended to be a geyser. Mr. Best, as was a good citizen's duty, informed the Water Authority of its antics, which were wasting water. The Water Authority sent a repairing squad, which, before it left, persuaded Mrs. Best to sign a paper. This paper turned out to be a requisition to repair the meter, which does not belong to Mrs. Best, but to the Water Authority. Mrs. Best does not even pay rent for it; Mr. Nemaze does. Mrs. Best pointed this out to the Water Authority, and asked them to send the bill to the land lord. Mr. Logan, for Water Authority, replied that as Mrs. Best had ordered the work, no can do. Then Mr. Best, sure he was right as to principle, made the mistake of supposing a little plain talk to the Water Authority would make that mysterious corporation see reason. Perhaps infected by my awful example, he ended his chit by saying that if the W.A. could not on reflection see the rights of his case, it would be time for someone to take charge who could. He got no reply, no formal acknowledgment; but he cut his water off. They went to the trouble and expense of seeing that the other tenant gets water while he does not. I do not know what the hygienic danger they thus subject him to may be, but if it is death, what was his capital offence? Telling the Water Authority a home truth or two? I have no hesitation in saying that this is a disgraceful business, and that none of the disgrace falls on Mr. Best.

One of my most recent purchases was FOR GOD: "Release of the Soul," a queer essay illustrating the catastrophic effect of the World War on a sensitive imagination. Towards the end he says: "Speech is so debased that the written word can carry but half its meaning; the poets mutter of new things; but they cannot sing them; the scientists are inarticulate; the engineers, without guidance use the fearful powers at their disposal to lay waste both the earth and human life, while the mass of the people labour and stumble beneath the weight of the questions accumulating in their unilluminated hearts and minds." The journalist lies to them, the novelist lies to them, the politicians lie, the

clergy lie, and the people know that their questions are not answered.

Rumours have been going round for some time about imminent bankruptcies, owing to big losses. Some people seem to repeat such scandal with pleasure, and to exaggerate in the telling. They forget that the banks have helped people in worse trouble before, and that it is all in the day's work. I am told that none of these pitifully foretold "smashes" are to be expected.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Mr. D. W. Trautman is appointed District Officer, northern district of the New Territories.

Sir Paul Chater is expected to arrive in Hongkong by the s.s. "Paul Lecat" on December 23.

The V.R.C. is holding sailing and rowing races at Yau Tong tomorrow. Launches leave Murray Pier at 10.30 a.m. and 1.15 p.m.

If people going home persist in neglecting to get French visas on their passports, the French have decided not to let them land at Marseilles.

The Bandman Comedy Company is due to arrive to-day by the M. M. steamer "Chili," and will commence a return season in Hongkong on Monday with "The Rotters," a clever, dialect and character comedy, which was well received when played in Hongkong last September by the Company.

The Rev. G. J. Williams, who for the last eight months has been officiating as pastor of the Union Church, in the absence on leave of the Rev. J. Kirk Macdonald, will depart from Hongkong with Mrs. Williams on Tuesday on a trip to North and Central China, whence he leaves for England before returning to Australia where he is Secretary of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Williams will deliver his farewell messages to the congregation of the Union Church to-morrow. Mr. Williams has sacrificed the charge of the Pastorate, of which it will be remembered, he was the popular Pastor some eighteen years ago. The Rev. and Mrs. Macdonald are due back in the Colony about the third week of January.

### BUILDING RULES.

#### CHINESE HOUSE-OWNERS.

#### IMPORTANT MEETING.

Chinese houseowners met yesterday afternoon at the Tung Wah Hospital to consider the probable effects of the proposed amendments to the building regulations, which were published recently. Mr. Li Wing-kwong, Chairman of the Hospital, presided. Mr. M. K. Lo, solicitor, said that what would affect houseowners most was the proposed amendment of the building regulations, which provided for the construction of a scavenging lane to all new houses and houses to be reconstructed. He thought the best thing to be done was to appoint a sub-committee to consult an architect as to the possible effect of the amendments and how they should be modified. The Chairman said that a matter to be decided was who should bear the expenses. This question should be expedited, as out of the period (one month) granted by the Government to consult the Chinese, the matter, over ten days had already elapsed.

Mr. Lo said the points to be decided by the meeting were: (1) Whether the Tung Wah Hospital Committee should continue to interest themselves in the matter on behalf of the houseowners in view of the latter's general indifference and apathy; and (2) the appointment of a sub-committee to secure the opinion of an architect, which would be submitted to the Chinese members of the Legislative Council. He was prepared to give his own professional services if required. Mr. Fung Ping-eh said he would donate the necessary financial aid. After further discussion, it was unanimously decided to appoint Mr. M. K. Lo to consult an architect.

### THEATRE ROYAL.

#### WARWICK COMEDY CO.

#### TONIGHT'S FAREWELL ATTRACTION.

Tonight the Warwick Comedy Company bring to a close their highly successful season in Hongkong by the second presentation of "Uncle Ned," a delightful comedy which made a more than favourable impression on its initial performance here. Indeed, for a farewell attraction a happier piece could not have been chosen. Last night the Company's second presentation of "Uncle Ned" to the witty pen of H. V. Esmond, lacked none of that artistry and finish which has distinguished all the excellent productions submitted by these talented players.

### WANCHAI HOUSE COLLAPSE.

#### YESTERDAY'S INQUEST.

#### VERDICT OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

At the Magistrate's inquest yesterday afternoon, Magistrate Orme, in his capacity as Coroner, with a jury composed of Messrs J. M. de J. Lopes, E. M. da Rocha and A. Stalker, held an enquiry into the circumstances attending the deaths of five Chinese, who lost their lives in the collapse of house No. 114, Queen's Road East, on December 6. Mr. M. H. Turner watched the proceedings in the interests of the owner of the house, who is in Canton, while Inspector Kent represented the Wanchai Police.

Medical testimony as to the nature of the injuries sustained showed that some of the bodies were terribly crushed by the weight of falling beams and masonry. Mr. Wright of the Public Works Department, gave evidence that the Department had been in negotiation with the owner for the purchase of the property in connection with the street-widening now in progress in the vicinity. An examination of the premises then led the Department to the conclusion that they were not safe for habitation, and a notice to that effect was served upon the owner. He had the house cleared of its tenants, and the walls shored up, pending the conclusion of the negotiations for the sale of the property to the Public Works Department. It was now clear that the collapse of the house was due primarily, not to the insecurity of the walls, but to the fact that the joists had rotted so that the floors fell in.

Evidence was also given by coolies who were amongst the victims of the catastrophe. These men, pending whose recovery the proceedings have had to be suspended, were able to give evidence essential to an understanding of the accident and the reasons why, in spite of all provision, human lives were involved. Some of these witnesses had had marvellous escapes; one was only rescued after two hours work in the removal of rubble; another was on the third storey and fell to the ground level without receiving any serious injuries. This man was able to throw a good deal of light on the whole affair.

He said he was on the topmost floor, helping to prepare the morning meal, when he felt a sensation as though a slight earthquake shock had occurred. Also immediately afterwards he felt himself falling and the floor giving way beneath his feet. It seems clear from this and other evidence that the joists of the top floor gave way first, the floor fell, and its weight was sufficient to carry along with it the floor below; the combined weight of the two floors, as might be expected, brought down the first floor. The men who were killed were those on the lower floors—with the exception of one man who had a marvellous escape; a beam lodging at an angle prevented his being crushed to death. The victims were thus sandwiched dreadfully between different strata of disintegrated masonry.

How came human beings to be there at all, seeing that the building had been cleared and condemned? On this, the question that everyone has been asking, the coolies were able also to throw some light. They were being shipped to Borneo, to work as labourers there and temporary accommodation was required for them in Hongkong. An agent managed to gain access to these deserted premises, other quarters being very difficult to obtain, and the men were put there to wait until their ships sailed.

THE VERDICT. The jury returned the following verdict: "We find that the death of the deceased was accidentally caused by the collapse of a floor at No. 114, Queen's Road East, and that the condition of the floor could not reasonably have been known to be dangerous. The jury are of the opinion that the agent ought to be more careful in the custody of his key."

### THEFT OF WATCH.

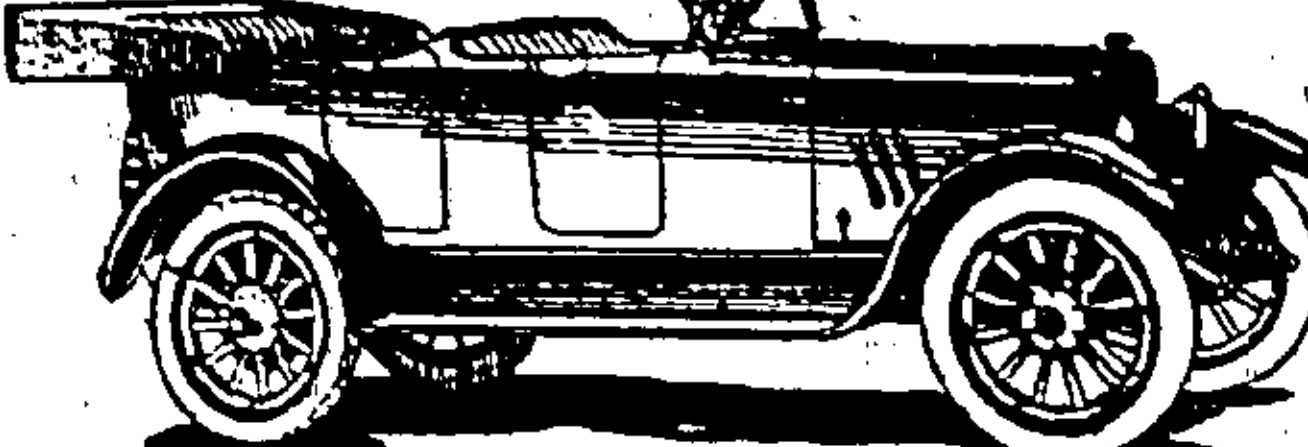
#### CHASE AT YAU MATI.

Magistrate Orme had before him at the Magistrate's this morning a Chinese charged with the theft of a wristlet watch, from a shop in Shanghai Street, Yau mati. Defendant went into the shop and took up the watch. In order to examine it he stepped into the street and then bolted. He was arrested after a chase by the shopkeepers. He told the Magistrate that he was hearing a commotion outside and put it back on the counter. It dropped to the floor and when he went outside the shop people chased him, wanting to recover the damage that had been done in the fall. A fine of \$50 was imposed, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

A Chinese, aged 5 years, has been sent to the Government Civil Hospital, with injuries to the head caused by being knocked down by a tram-car in Des Voeux Road.



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**SCOTS PLATOON.**

**RECRUITING MEETING.**

**COMMITTEE CHOSEN.**

For the purpose of discussing recruiting for the unit, a meeting of the Scottish Platoon of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps was held at the Volunteer headquarters yesterday afternoon. It was well attended. The Hon. Mr. John Johnston presided, supported by Major L. G. Bird and Mr. J. M. Gordon.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, I accept your invitation to preside at this meeting with considerable diffidence, for two reasons. The first, because I am about to leave the Colony. The second, because it strikes me as rather inappropriate that I, who have only volunteer service, should be addressing you who have experience—most of you—of the "real thing."

However, I suppose I have some right this year to address a representative gathering of Scotsmen, and I will therefore endeavour to do my best.

To commence with, I have some experience of volunteering, commencing with the "Eton Dogshooters," where I blew a bugle—very badly; thereafter in Hongkong and Shanghai, both in the ranks—as a trooper in the S.L.H., and as a somewhat indifferent officer in command of the Mounted Section of the Scots Company in Hongkong in 1910-11, I think.

From the administrative side also I claim some experience, because whilst serving as a Trooper in the Light Horse I was at the same time on the Watch Committee in Shanghai, which Committee is responsible for Police, Fire Brigade, and Volunteer matters.

Reports where there is no Garrison or Navy, as was the case till very lately in the North, and where there is a large native population—mostly very law-abiding I will admit, but possessing, as all other large communities must do, sufficient bad characters to start a riot and a father of a row when they get going—the volunteer has ample opportunity to see and judge for himself of what value his services are to the community.

The occasional risk of stopping with your head or other part of your body, some household article of a useful but unromantic nature—hurled by an infuriated old lady from her bedroom window, or of doing patrol work armed to the teeth and with live ammunition, serves but to keep up your interest as a volunteer.

It is different in a place like this, where you have a large Garrison and equally large Navy always in evidence, and a volunteer is apt to ask himself—I will frankly admit to having done so myself—"Of what use am I with all these soldiers and sailors about?"

Prior to 1914, gentlemen, that question required a lot of answering. Nowadays, however, it does not. Experience has shown that given the training the civilian can go anywhere the professional leads.

It has also been shown that the exigencies of one situation may require the withdrawal of most of the personnel of both the Services and the protection of this Colony would again fall to your lot.

It is a sweet—and there's dashed little honour and glory working a searchlight by night and doing your work in the office next day, but one fact remains that the authorities require a Volunteer Defence Corps and there is always the chance of something out of the ordinary turning up.

The Singapore Volunteers certainly never anticipated trouble in the direction from which it came.

required, and this is what I understand this meeting has been called to consider.

I am talking off the book, but I think I can safely say that our local Government will be no less anxious to meet you in the provision of officers, N.C.O.'s, equipment, etc., etc., than the Governments in the other places I have just mentioned.

It must be remembered, however, that establishment charges mount up, and only the provision of a thoroughly efficient body of men will justify the expenditure on equipment alone.

There are enough Scotsmen in Hongkong to make a Scottish Company—in work or play. "Second to none," which you will remember is the motto of one of Scotland's most famous regiments, "The Greys."

Further, and that which is of great importance, you have the foundation of a really good Pipe Band, which will be the envy of all the other companies who—whatever rude remarks they may make about our music—are, and will be only too pleased to march to it.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I wish the Hongkong Scottish every success, and may this Company be the means of cementing many friendships for those serving in it "frae North o' Tweed."

Mr. Gordon said that there were 51 men in the Scottish platoon, which was too small a number, as there were about 300 Scots of military age in the Colony. The Government had been very good towards the Scottish Platoon and had given them all possible assistance. If they succeeded in forming a company of 100 men they could run a football team and a Pipe Band. The present membership was not the required strength, as not all of them could turn up at parades, drills, etc. They expected to have a Scottish Company similar to that of Shanghai, the efficiency of which should be followed by the platoon. He was sure that some men would say that they had done enough during the war, and he wished to assure these men that the work of the members consisted of ten drills, three days camp and a musketry course which occupied about three afternoons in the winter. He was sure that this would not be excessive work for any of the members. The St. Andrew's Society and the H.K.V.D.C. had promised their support and the best thing to do, it seemed to him, was to form a recruiting committee in order to boost the thing along. The full equipment, including the kilts, for 100 men, was expected to arrive at any moment.

A speaker said that there were two ways to do recruiting, to appeal to local Scots individually to join the Company, or to do the recruiting as a Company. When the full equipment arrived the Pipers could give church parades to induce more Scots to join.

Mr. T. W. Hill expressed the opinion that a certain amount of prejudice existed among the people in the Dock Companies. During the war volunteers complained of having been badly treated, such as doing long duty at Lyemung, etc., but as the war was all over, and the Corps had been recognized, he thought this prejudice should be removed.

Representatives of the Talkoo and Kowloon Dockers denied that they had any prejudice, the latter saying that the men of his Dock were sometimes kept away from parade and other duty by their work.

Major Bird said that there would be no difficulty for the men employed in the Kowloon Docks to parade on that side, so that they would not have to come over to Hongkong. Arrangements would be made to send the instructors over to Kowloon.

The following were appointed to serve on the recruiting committee: Messrs. G. Duncan, J. B. Ross, D. G. Nicholl, T. W. Hill, W. Budge and F. Soutar.

**NOTIFIABLE DISEASE.**  
**A CLEAN SHEET.**  
 The Colony returns a clean bill of health so far as notifiable disease is concerned, for the twenty-four hours ending yesterday.

**GOVERNOR OF MACAO.**

**RECEPTION IN HONGKONG.**

**TO-DAY'S FUNCTIONS.**

His Excellency Senhor Henrique Monteiro Correa da Silva, Governor of Macao, accompanied by Lady Correa da Silva, who arrived yesterday on the Portuguese gunboat "Patria," are the guests of honour of the Portuguese community at a luncheon at the Hongkong Hotel to-day, and at a garden party this afternoon, at the Club de Recreio.

His Excellency and Lady da Silva are staying at Government House, the guests of His Excellency the Governor of Hongkong, Sir Reginald Stubbs, and Lady Stubbs.

On the arrival of the "Patria" with its distinguished passengers, the usual naval salutes were exchanged. A deputation comprising members of the Reception Committee, headed by the Portuguese Consul, Senhor Cereira de Albuquerque Castro, boarded the warship to receive the Governor, Captain McGrath, A. D. C. to the Governor of Hongkong, also went on board and escorted the visitors to Government House.

Yesterday afternoon the Governor of Macao laid the foundation stone of the new Lusitano Club in Ice House Street—which was the principal object of his visit to Hongkong—and attended a reception at the Hongkong Hotel. In the evening there was a dinner at Government House.

The Governor of Macao has a distinguished record. He is the son of the late Conde de Paço d'Arcos. While serving as a Lieutenant in the Portuguese Navy he received the decoration of *Torre e Espada*, given for great valour only, for saving a pinnace after being stranded for seven days off the coast of Africa. He was for some years Governor of Mossamedes and was so successful an administrator that he was selected to be Governor of Macao. During the war he was in command of the gunboat "Ivo" and saw four years of active service, during which he had several encounters with enemy submarines and successfully convoyed and saved several British ships, for which service he received the Distinguished Service Order from the British Government.

**MORE FIRES.**

**TWO CALLS LAST NIGHT.**

The Fire Brigade is having a busy time. Last night at about 9 p.m. there was another outbreak in the North Point district, a marsh in which about a hundred coodies were sleeping at Tassanui being destroyed. Other marshes close by were saved through the efforts of the brigade. No lives were lost but most of the personal effects of the men occupying the shed were destroyed.

The Kowloon Fire Brigade attended a fire which broke out at 2 o'clock this morning at 310, Canton Road, Yau-mai. A quantity of bamboo ware, belonging to Yu Lai Chi firm of Des Voeux Road, was destroyed. The extent of the damage is not known.

**A POLICE RAID.**

**ARMED MEN ARRESTED.**

Four men, who were in conference at the Mi Hing tea shop, in Recreation Street, Yau-mai, were arrested by Inspector Caygill, who raided the place last night, accompanied by Sub-Inspector Ogg and some Chinese officers. When the men were searched one was found to be carrying a revolver and another a dagger and a razor.

**TO-NIGHT & TO-MORROW are BAND NIGHTS at THE CORONET**

Specialty Augmented Orchestra  
 Excellent Picture Programme

**WILLIAM DESMOND**  
 "A BROADWAY COWBOY"

"SHUB" POLLARD  
 "CALLA TAXI"

November, going at Home in THE CORONET REVIEW

Ring up 1743 NOW and make sure of your seat!

**TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**NOTICE.**

THE CHRISTMAS TREAT (under the auspices of the Catholic Club) to the pensioners under the care of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held at the Club House, Glebe, on SUNDAY, 19 December, at 3 p.m.

Subscribers and friends are cordially invited.  
 Total subscription received, 1919 ..... \$371.50  
 Amount expended ..... 336.52  
 Balance C/F to 1920 34.98

J. D. OSMUND, President

Hongkong, December 17, 1920.

**XMAS SHOPPING.**

OUR STORE will remain open until 6 P.M. daily from the 20th to the 24th inst for the convenience of our customers.

MACKINTOSH & CO. LTD.

Hongkong, December 17, 1920.

**HONGKONG THEATRE**

MARY PICKFORD

IN "REBECCA OF SUNNY BROOK FARM"

Produced by ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORPORATION.  
 Directed by MARSHALL NEILAN.

Rebecca Randall ..... Mary Pickford.  
 Adam Ladd ..... Eugene O'Brien, etc., etc.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Rebecca Randall and her large family of brothers and sisters live at Sunnybrook Farm, which is principally remarkable for the size of the mortgage it carries. The task of taking care of all the children is too much for Mrs. Randall, so finally Rebecca is sent away to her two aunts, Miranda and Jane Sawyer, who are strict New England folk. She agrees to sell soap in aid of a fund to buy a banquet lamp for Rev. Smellie.

Rebecca meets young Adam Ladd and much to her astonishment he purchases enough soap to pay for the banquet lamp. When Rebecca tells him about Mrs. Simpson and her lack of a wedding ring, Adam reaches into his pocket, brings forth his mother's wedding ring and gives it to Rebecca to present to Mrs. Simpson. Owing to his bounty, Rebecca thinks that Mr. Ladd is Mr. Aladdin, the hero of the wonderful lamp.

With the children of the village, Rebecca gets up a circus in which she is the bareback rider, but is routed by Aunt Miranda just as she is doing her most daring stunt.

Rebecca is sent to school, but by her clever verse, disgraces the aunt's family, so they decide to send her to a boarding school. She returns a beautiful girl. Adam's admiration for her has greatly increased, and the fondness for the child has grown into love for the young woman. One of the aunts' asses away, and later Rebecca learns that the railroad has purchased Sunnybrook Farm.

Rebecca has the Simpson family taken care of and all the Randall children well provided for. When everyone else is happy, Adam Ladd reminds her that when a little girl she had told him she intended to marry him when she grew up.

Also showing a Mack. Bennett comedy in two parts "That Night" featuring Charles Murray and a bevy of beautiful girls.

**INCREASED PRICES.**

Saturday, December 18th to 21st.

**TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**GOVERNMENT OF PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC MINISTRY FOR THE COLONIES.**

**DEPARTMENT OF DIPLOMATIC, GEOGRAPHICAL AND NAVAL SERVICE.**

"Fangim" ex "Numantis"—  
 "Damaso" ex "Brisbane"—"India"  
 ex "Vorwarts"—"Goa" ex "Marion"  
 ex "Din" ex "Lichtenfels."

It is hereby informed to the Consignees, either of the allied or neutral nations, who had goods on board of the above steamers:

"THAT according to the terms of the DECREE No. 6993 dated 1st October of the present year, they may put up their claims to recover the balances of sums due to them being proceeds of goods sold or commandeered, which formed parts of shipments of the above steamers, within the period of six months, commencing from the 1st October of the current year.

The claims should be accompanied by the following documents:

- Application by the Concerned or by his legal representative.
- Certificate of nationality of the Concerned issued by his respective Consul.
- Bill of Lading duly countersigned if it is necessary.
- Power of Attorney of the Owner of the goods if the claim is not to be filed by himself stating the person to whom the amount due should be paid either in Portuguese or British India.
- Discharged and acquitted invoices proving that the cost of the goods has been duly paid to the sellers.
- Letter of Guaranty as per terms of the DECREE No. 3,800, dated 28th January of 1918 if it is necessary.

This certificate is only applicable when the payments are to be made under "Bonds," which should be given by the respective Government of the Concerned assuming the responsibility for the payment.

In case the Concerned are not able to appear personally, they should grant Power of Attorney to an individual or firm of well-known standing either in Portuguese or British India for the purpose to sign all the necessary documents relating to the collection of what is due to them.

All the documents above mentioned should be stamped and with their respective translations attached to, under the terms of Portuguese laws, and "vises" by the respective consular authorities.

The Attorneys of the Claimants both in Portuguese and British India must be qualified so that they may be able to solve any difficulties that may be raised during the course of proceedings for default in non-compliance with any legal requirement.

All the claims followed by the way as above mentioned should be forwarded to—

DIRECTOR OF DIPLOMATIC, GEOGRAPHICAL AND NAVAL SERVICE MINISTRY FOR THE COLONIES.

**CLAIMS LISBON (PORTUGAL)**

Those Consignees who had already presented their claims at the Office of the Attorney General of the Republic in GOA (Portuguese India), and not having yet been accorded with a dispatch for completion of documents or for they having not been legally done, may still be allowed to rectify those faults and irregularities by themselves or by their attorneys within the six months as above stated.

Those Consignees who had taken delivery of their goods under "Bond" or against cash deposit, may—by the sanction of the Office of the Attorney General in GOA (Portuguese India)—recover their deposits or get those "Bonds" cancelled as soon as they are able to produce those legal documents that were short or having complied with the legal formalities required, non-fulfilment thereof was the cause of the requirement of those deposits and "Bonds."

At the expiration of the period of the six months aforesaid, the settlements will be made of those claims legally recognised, in BOMBAY and in GOA, for that purpose notices will be duly published.

DEPARTMENT OF THE DIPLOMATIC, GEOGRAPHICAL AND NAVAL SERVICE FOR THE MINISTRY FOR THE COLONIES in Lisbon, 2nd October, 1920.

(Signed) ERNESTO DE VASCONCELLOS  
 Capt. M.G.

It is correct  
 Department of the Diplomatic, Geographical and Naval Service, 2nd October, 1920.

(Signed) PAULO DE MOURA-COUTINHO ALMEIDA  
 DECA, Capt.

In charge of the Service.

The death took place at Yokohama on Dec. 2 of Captain Walter Edward Pyno in his 76th year. Captain Pyno was for many years in the service of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha.

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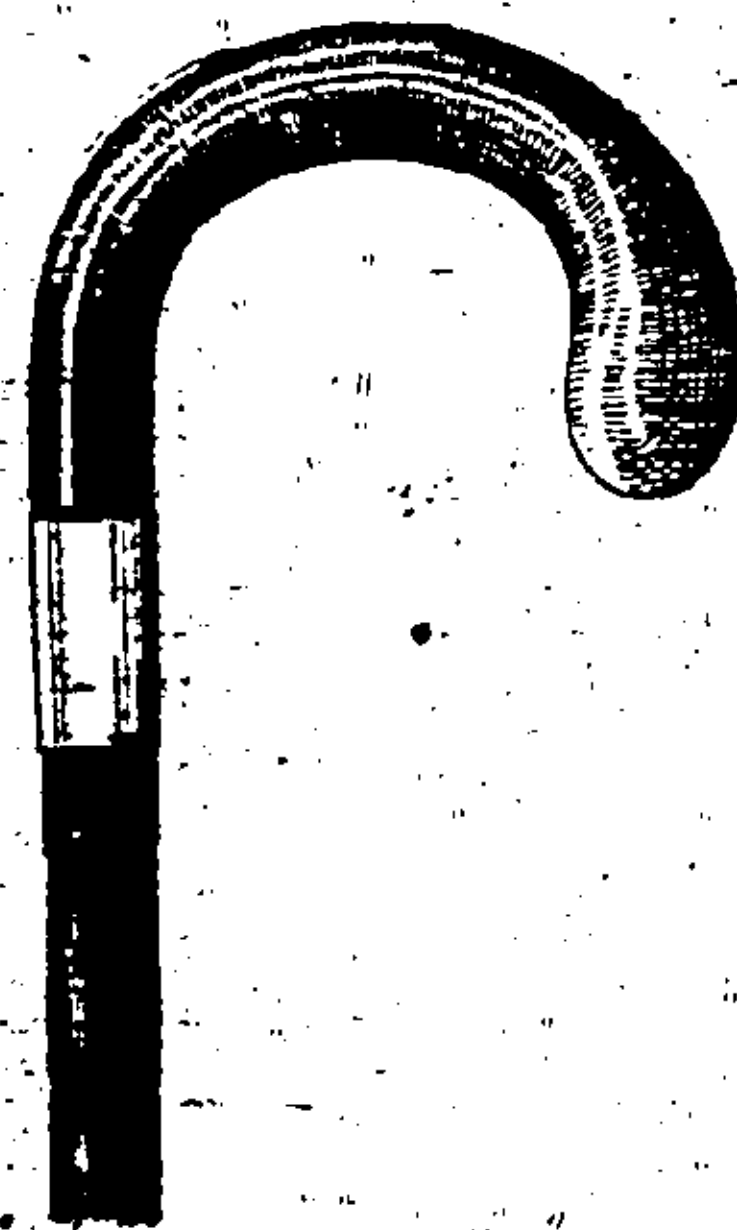
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# "The Cricket on the Hearth"

## A SEASONABLE DICKENS' STORY.

### A MISUNDERSTANDING BUT A HAPPY END.

#### CHIRP THE FIRST.

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope? The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little wax-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

As if the clock hadn't finished striking, and the convulsive little haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe in front of a Moorish palace, hadn't bowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the cricket joined in at all!

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it, at least five minutes before the cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first pro-

position in Euclid all about the yard—Mrs. Peerybingle filled the kettle at the water-but. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short), she set the kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for the water being uncomfortably cold, and in that sloppy, slushy, sticky sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten rings included, had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her legs. And when we rather plume ourselves (with reason too) upon our legs, and keep ourselves particularly neat in point of stockings, we find this, for the moment, hard to bear.

Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good-humour, dusted her chubby

little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood still before the Moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings when the clock was going to strike were frightful to behold; and when a cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the palace, and gave out six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wry, plucking at his legs.

It was not until a violent commotion and a whirring noise among the weights and ropes below him had quite subsided, that this terrified haymaker became himself again. Nor was he startled without reason; for these rattling, bony skeletons of clocks are very disconcerting in their operation, and I wonder very much how any set of men, but most of all how Dutchmen, can have had a liking to invent them. For there is a popular belief that Dutchmen love broad cases and much clothing for their own lower selves; and they might know better than to leave their clocks so very lank and unprotected, surely.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet, to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as

never maddled a nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book—better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid—such is the influence of a bright example—performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors—to some body at that moment coming on, towards the snug and small home and the crisp fire—there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and, above, all is mist and darkness, and, below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hear-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice is water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!

And here, if you like, the cricket did chime in, with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup, of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size you couldn't see it!), that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly laboured.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heavens, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little thrill and tremble in it, at its loudness, which suggested its being carried off its legs, made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm.

Yet they whet very well together, the cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener—for fair she was, and young; through something of what is called the dumpling shape, but I don't myself object to that—lighted a candle, glanced at the haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back, and sat down in her former seat, the cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up, with a perfect fury of competition. The kettle's weak side clearly being, that he didn't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, heiter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But of this, there is no doubt; that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his frisky song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and along way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

This end attained, the kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire. Mrs. Peerybingle then went running to the door, where, with the wheels of a cart, the tramp of a horse, the voice of a man, the tearing in and out of an excited dog, and the surprising and mysterious appearance of a baby, there was soon the very what's-his-name to pay.

Where the baby came from, or how Mrs. Peerybingle got hold of it in that flash of time, I don't know. But a live baby there was, in Mrs. Peerybingle's arms; and a pretty tolerable amount of pride she seemed to have in it, when she was drawn gently to the fire, by a sturdy figure of a man, much taller and much older than herself, who had to stoop a long way down to kiss her. But she was worth the trouble. Six foot six, with the humbug, might have done it.

"Oh, goodness, John!" said Mrs. P. "What a state you're in with the weather!"

He was something the worse for it, undoubtedly. The thick mist hung in clots upon his eyelashes like candied thaw; and, between the fog and fire together, there were rainbows in his very whiskers.

"Why, you see, Dot," John made answer slowly, as he unrolled a shawl from about his throat, and warmed his hands; "it—it ain't exactly summer weather. So no wonder."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Dot, John. I don't like it," said Mrs. Peerybingle, putting in a way that clearly showed she *did* like it very much.

"Why, what else are you?" returned John, looking down upon her with a smile, and giving her waist as tight a squeeze as his huge hand and arm could give. "A dot and"—here he glanced at the baby—"a dot and carry—I won't say it, for fear I should spoil it; but I was very near a joke. I don't know as ever I was nearer."

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account, this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! O Mother Nature, give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor carrier's breast—he was but a carrier by the way—and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose; and bear to bless thee for their company!

It was pleasant to see Dot, with her little figure and her baby in her arms—a very doll of a baby—glancing with a coquettish thoughtfulness at the fire, and inclining her delicate little head just enough on one side to let it rest in an odd, half-natural, half-affecting, wholly nestling and agreeable manner, on the great rugged figure of the carrier. It was pleasant to see him, with his tender awkwardness, endeavouring to adapt his rude support to her slight need, and make his burly middle-age a leaning-staff not inappropriate to her blooming youth. It was pleasant to observe how Tilly Slowboy, waiting in the background for the baby, took

special cognisance (though in her earliest teens) of this grouping; and stood with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her head thrust forward, taking it in as if it were air. Nor was it less agreeable to observe how John the carrier, reference being made by Dot to the aforesaid baby, checked his hand when on the point of touching the infant, as if he thought he might crack it; and bending down, surveyed it from a safe distance, with a kind of puzzled pride, such as an amiable mastiff might be supposed to show if he found himself, one day, the father of a young c-nary.

"Ain't he beautiful, John? Don't he look precious in his sleep?"

"Very precious," said John. "Very much so." He generally is asleep, ain't he?"

"Lor, John! Go d gracious, no!"

"Oh," said John, pondering. "I thought his eyes was generally shut. Hello!"

"Goodness, John, how you startle one!"

"It ain't right for him to turn 'em up in that way!" said the astonished carrier, "is it? See how he's winking with both of 'em at once! and to k k his mouth! Why, he's gasping like a gold and silver."

"You don't deserve to be a father, you don't," said Dot, with all the dignity of an experienced matron. "But how should you know what little complaints children are troubled with, John! You wouldn't so much as know their names, you stupid fellow!" And when she had turned the baby over on her left arm, and had slapped its back as a restorative, she pinched her husband's ear, laughing.

"No," said John, pulling off his outer coat. "It's very true, Dot. I don't know much about it. I only know that I've been fighting pretty stiffly with the wind to-night. It's been blowing north-east, straight into the cart, the whole way home."

"Poor old man, so it has!" cried Mrs. Peerybingle, instantly becoming very active. "Here! Take the precious darling, Tilly, while I make myself of some use. Bless it, I could smother it with kissing it, I could! He then, good dog! He, Boxer, boy! Only let me make the tea first, John! and then I'll help you with the parcels, like a busy bee. 'How doth the little'—and all the rest of it, you know, John. Did you ever learn 'how doth the little' when you went to school, John?"

"Not to quite know it," John returned. "I was very near it once. But I should only have spoiled it, I dare say."

"Ha, ha," laughed Dot. She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard. "What a dear old darling of a duncy you are, John, to be sure!"

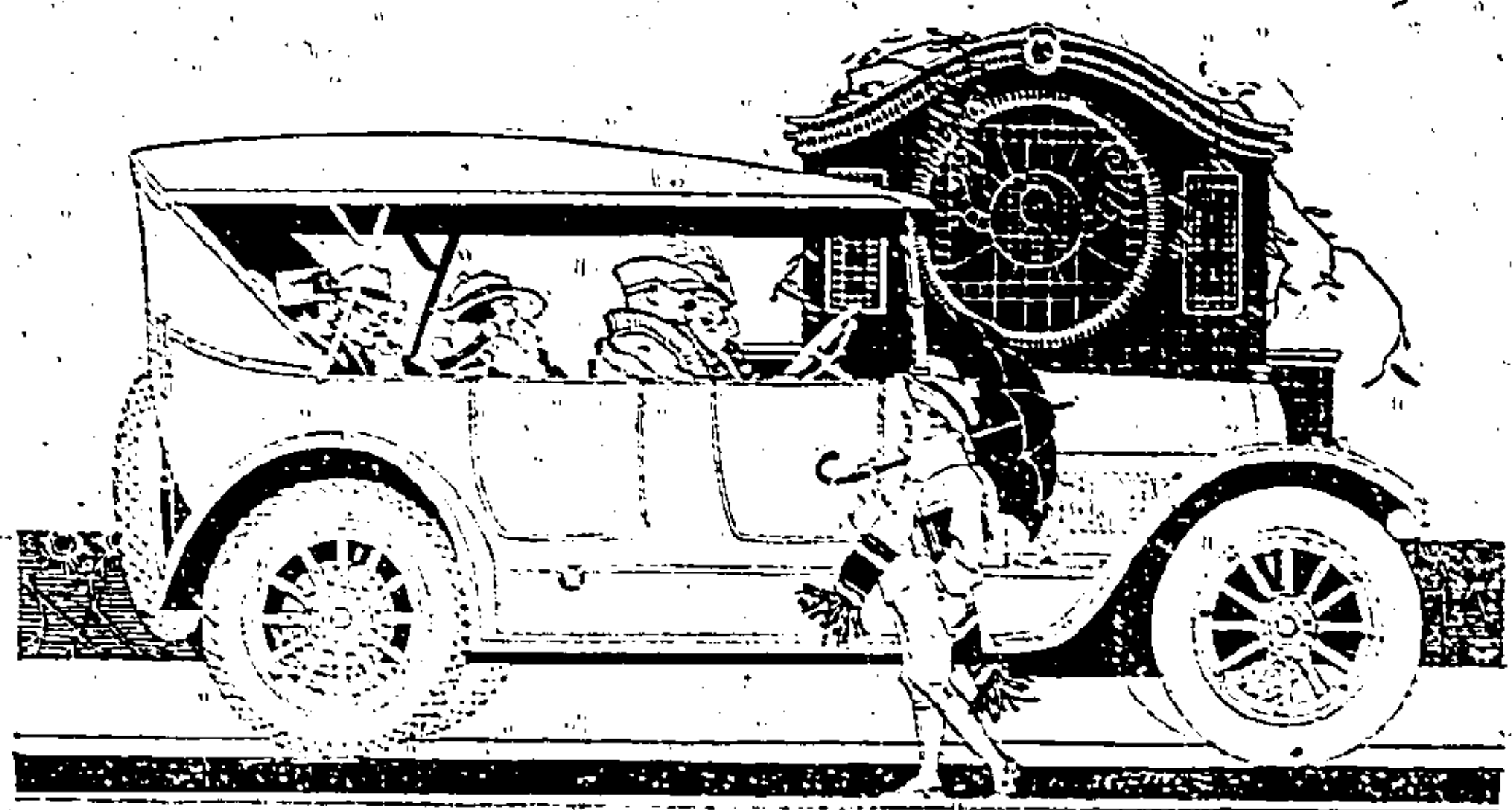
(Continued on Page 3)

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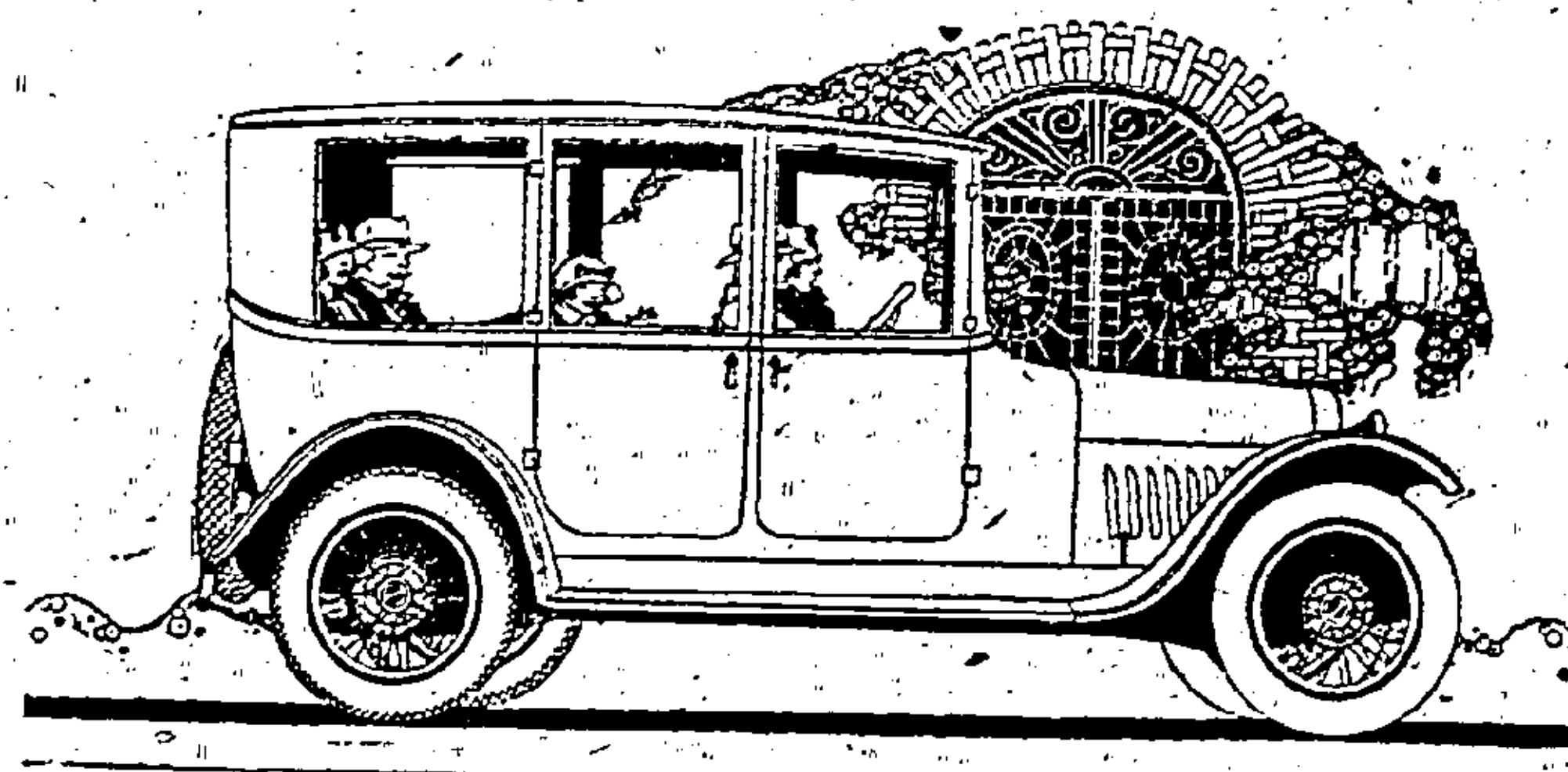
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## "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

(Continued from Page 7.)

Not at all disputing this position, John went out to see that the boy with the lantern, which had been dancing to and fro before the door and window, like a will-o'-the-wisp, took due care of the horse; who was fatter than you would quite believe. If I gave you his measure, and so old that his birthday was lost in the mists of antiquity. Boxer, feeling that his attentions were due to the family in general, and must be impartially distributed, dashed in and out with bewildering inconstancy; now, describing a circle of short barks round the horse, where, he was being rubbed down at the stable door; now feigning to make savage rushes at his mistress, and facetiously bringing himself to a sudden stop; now, eliciting a shriek from Tilly Slowboy, in the low nursing-chair near the fire, by the unexpected application of his moist nose to her countenance; now, exhibiting an obsequious interest in the baby; now, going round and round upon the hearth, and lying down as if he had established himself for the night; now, getting up again, and picking that portion of a bag-end of a tail of his own into the weather, as if he had just remembered an appointment, and was off, as a round trot, to keep it.

"There! There's the tea-pot, ready on the hob," said Dot, as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping house. "And there's the cold knuckle of ham; and there's the butter; and there's the crusty loaf and all." Here's a clothes-basket for the small parcels. John, if you've got any there—where are you, John?—Don't let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do!

It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent of getting this baby into difficulties; and had several times imperilled its short life, in quiet way peculiarly her own. She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, inasmuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung. Her costume was remarkable for the partial development, or all possible occasions, of some flannel vestment of a singular structure; also for affording glimpses, in the region of the back, of a corset, or pair of stays in colour a dead green. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's per-

lections and the baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honour to her head and to her heart; and though these did less honour to the baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bedposts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboys were alike unknown to fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a foundling; which word, though only differing from fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing.

To have seen little Mrs. Peerybingle come back with her husband, rugging at the clothes-basket, and making the most strenuous exertions to do nothing at all (for he carried it), would have amused you almost as much as it amused him. It may have entertained the cricket too, for any thing I know; but certainly, it now began to chirp again vehemently.

"Heyday!" said John, in his slow way. "It's merrier than ever, tonight, I think."

"And it's sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has gone so. To have a cricket on the hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world!"

John looked at her as if he had very nearly got the thought into his head, that she was his cricket in chief, and he quite agreed with her. But it was probably one of his narrow escapes, for he said nothing.

The first time I heard its cheerful little note, John, was on that night when you brought me home—when you brought me to my new home here; its little mistress, John?"

Oh, yes, John remembered. It should think so!

"Its chirp was such a welcome to me! It seemed so full of promise and encouragement. It seemed to say, you would be kind and gentle with me, and would not expect I had a fear of that, John, then! to find an old head on the shoulders of your foolish little wife."

John thoughtfully patted one of the shoulders, and then the head, as though he would have said, No, no, he had had no such expectation; he had been quite content to take them as they were. And really he had reason. They were very comely.

"It spoke the truth, John, when it seemed to say so; for you have ever been, I am sure, the best, the most considerate, the most affectionate of husbands to me. This has been a

happy home, John; and I love the cricket for its sake!"

"Why, so do I, then," said the carrier. "So do I, Dot."

"I love it for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me. Sometimes, in the twilight, when I have felt a little solitary and down-hearted, John—before baby was here, to keep me company and make the house gay—when I have thought how lonely you would be if I should die; how lonely I should be, if I could know that you had lost me, dear; its chirp, chirp, chirp upon the hearth, has seemed to tell me of another little voice, so sweet, so very dear to me, before whose coming sound my trouble vanished like a dream. And when I used to fear—I did fear once, John; I was very young, you know, that ours might prove to be an ill-assorted marriage, I being such a child, and you more like my guardian than my husband; and that you might not, however hard you tried, be able to learn to love me as you hoped and prayed you might; its chirp, chirp, chirp, has cheered me up again, and filled me with new trust and confidence. I was thinking of these things to-night, dear, when I sat expecting you; and I love the cricket for their sake!"

Behind the cart, just now; and though "And so do I," repeated John. "But Dot? I hope and pray that I might learn to love you? How you talk! I had learned that, long before I brought you here, to be the cricket's little mistress, Dot?"

She laid her hand, an instance, on his arm, and looked up at him with an agonized face, as if she would have told him something. Next moment, she was down upon her knees before the basket, speaking in a springy voice, and busy with the parcels.

"There are not many of them to-night, John, but I saw some goods they give more trouble, perhaps, still they pay as well; so we have no reason to grumble, have we? Besides, you have been delivering, I dare say, as you came along?"

"Oh, yes," John said. "A good many."

"Why, what's this round box? Heart alive, John, it's a wedding-cake!"

"Leave a woman alone to find out that," said John admiringly. "Now a man would never have thought of it! Whereas, it's my belief that if you was to pack a wedding-cake up in a tea-chest, or a turn-up bedstead, or a pickled-salmon keg, or any unlikely thing, a woman would be sure to find it out directly. Yes; I called for it at the pastry-cook's."

"And it weighs I don't know what—whole hundred-weights!" cried

Dot, making a great demonstration of trying to lift it. "Whose is it, John? Where is it going?"

"Read the writing on the other side," said John.

"Why, John? My goodness, John! Ah! who'd have thought it?"

"You never mean to say," pursued Dot, sitting on the floor and shaking her head at him, "that it's Gruff and Tackleton the toymaker?"

John nodded.

Mrs. Peerybingle nodded also, fifty times at least. Not in assent—in dumb and plying amazement; screwing up her lips, the while, with all their little force (they were never made for screwing up; I am clear of that), and looking the good carrier through and through, in her absorption. Miss Slowboy, in the meantime, who had a mechanical power of reproducing scraps of current conversation for the delectation of the baby, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the nouns changed into the plural number, inquired aloud of that young creature, was it Gruff and Tackleton the toymakers then, and would it call at pastrycooks for wedding-cakes, and did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them home; and so on.

"And that is really to come about!" said Dot. "Why, she and I were girls at school together, John."

He might have been thinking of her, or nearly thinking of her, perhaps, as she was in that same school-time. She looked upon her with a thoughtful pleasure, but he made no answer.

"And he's as old! As unlike her!—Why, how many years older than you is Gruff and Tackleton, John?"

"How many more cups of tea shall I drink to-night at one sitting than Gruff and Tackleton ever took in four, I wonder!" replied John good-humouredly, as he drew a chair to the round table, and began at the cold ham. "As to eating, I eat but little, but, that little I enjoy, Dot."

Even this, his usual sentiment at meal times, one of his innocent delusions (for his appetite was always obstinate, and flatly contradicted him), awoke no smile in the face of his little wife, who stood among the parcels, pushing the cake-box slowly from her with her foot; and never once looked, though her eyes were cast down too, upon the dainty shoe she generally was so mindful of. Absorbed in thought, she stood there, heedless alike of the tea and John (although he called to her, and rapped the table with his knife to startle her), until he rose and touched her on the arm; when she looked at him for a moment,

and hurried to her place behind the tea-board, laughing at her negligence. But not as she had laughed before. The manner and the music were quite changed.

The cricket, too, had stopped. Somehow the room was not so cheerful as it had been. Nothing like it. "So these are all the parcels, are they, John?" she said, breaking a long silence, which the honest carrier had devoted to the practical illustration of one part of his favourite sentiment—certainly enjoying what he ate, if it could not be admitted that he ate but little. "So these are all the parcels, are they, John?"

"That's all," said John. "Why—no—I—laying down knife and fork, and taking a long breath—I declare—I've clean forgotten the old gentleman!"

"The old gentleman?"

"In the cart," said John. "He was asleep, among the straw, the last time I saw him. I've very nearly remembered him twice, since I came in; but he went out of my head again. Hello! Yabip there! Rouse up! That's my hearty!"

John said these latter words outside the door, whether he had hurried with the candle in his hand.

Miss Slowboy, conscious of some mysterious reference to the old gentleman, and connecting in her mystified imagination certain associations of a religious nature with the phrase, was so disturbed, that hastily rising from the low chair by the fire to seek protection near the skirts of her mistress, and coming into contact as she crossed the doorway with an ancient stranger, she instinctively made a charge or butt at him with the only offensive instrument within her reach. This instrument happening to be the baby, great commotion and alarm ensued, which the sagacity of Boxer rather tended to increase; for that good dog, more thoughtful than his master, had, it seemed, been watching the old gentleman in his sleep, lest he should walk off with a few young poplar trees that were tied up behind the cart; and he still attended on him very closely, worrying his gaiters in fact, and making dead sets at the buttons.

"You're such an undeniable good sleeper, sir," said John, when tranquillity was restored—in the meantime the old gentleman had stood, bareheaded and motionless, in the centre of the room—"that I have half a mind to ask you where the other six are—only that would be a joke, and I know I should spoil it. Very near though," murmured the carrier, with a chuckle, "near near!"

The stranger, who had long, white hair, good features, singularly bold and well defined for an old man, and dark, bright, penetrating eyes, looked

round with a smile, and saluted the carrier's wife by gravely inclining his head.

His garb was very quaint and odd—a long, long way behind the time. Its hue was brown, all over. In his hand he held a great brown club or walking-stick; and striking this upon the floor, it fell asunder, and became a chair. On which he sat down, quite composedly.

"There!" said the carrier, turning to his wife. "That's the way I found him, sitting by the roadside! Upright as a milestone. And almost as deaf."

"Sitting in the open air, John?"

"In the open air," replied the carrier, "just at dusk. Carriage paid," he said; and gave me eighteenpence. Then he got in. And here he is."

"He's going, John, I think?"

Not at all. He was only going to speak.

"If you please, I was to be left till called for," said the stranger mildly. "Don't mind me."

With that, he took a pair of spectacles from one of his large pockets, and a book from another, and leisurely began to read, making no more of Boxer than if he had been a house-lamb.

The carrier and his wife exchanged a look of perplexity. The stranger raised his head, and glancing from the latter to the former, said—

"Your daughter, my good friend?"

"Wife," returned John.

"Niece?" said the stranger.

"Wife," roared John.

"Indeed?" observed the stranger. "Surely! Very young?"

He quietly turned over, and resumed his reading. But, before he could have read two lines, he again interrupted himself, to say—

"Baby, yours."

John gave him a gigantic nod, equivalent to an answer in the affirmative, delivered through a speaking-trumpet.

"Girl?"

"Bo-o-oy!" roared John.

"Also, very young, eh?"

Mrs. Peerybingle instantly struck in. "Two months and three days—Vaccinated just six weeks ago—Took very fine-ly! Considered, by the doctor, a remarkably beautiful child! Equal to the general run of children at five months' old!"

Takes notice, in a way quite wonderful! May seem impossible, to you, but feels his legs all-ready!"

Here, the breathless little mother, who had been shrieking these short sentences into the old man's ear, until her pretty face was crimsoned, held up the baby before him as a stubborn and triumphant fact; while Tilly Slowboy, with a melodious cry of "ketcher, ketcher"—which sounded like some

unknown words, adapted to a popular sneeze—performed some cawlike gambols round that all unconscious innocent.

"Hark! He's called for, sure enough," said John. "There's somebody at the door. Open it, Tilly."

Before she could reach it, however, it was opened from without; being a primitive sort of door, with a latch, that any one could lift if he chose—and a good many people did choose, for all kinds of neighbours liked to have a cheerful word or two with the carrier, though he was no great talker himself. Being opened, it gave admission to a little, meagre, thoughtful dingy-faced man, who seemed to have made himself a greatcoat from the sackcloth covering of some old box; for, when he turned to shut the door, and keep the weather out, he disclosed upon the back of that garment, the inscription G and T in large black capitals. Also the Glass in-bold characters.

"Good-evening, John!" said the little man. "Good-evening, mum. Good-evening, Tilly. Good-evening, Unbeknown! How's baby, mum? Boxer's pretty well, I hope?"

"All thriving, Caleb," replied Dot.

"I am sure you need only look at the dear child, for one, to know that."

"And I'm sure I need only look at you for another," said Caleb.

He didn't look at her though; he had a wandering and thoughtful eye which seemed to be always projecting itself into some other time and place, no matter what he said; a description which will equally apply to his voice.

"Or at Tilly, as far as that goes. Or certainly at Boxer."

"Busy just now, Caleb?" asked the carrier.

"Why, pretty well, John," he returned, with the distraught air of a man who was casting about for the philosopher's stone, at least. "Pretty much so. There's rather a run on Noah's ark at present. I could have wished to improve upon the family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. It would be a satisfaction to one's mind, to make it clearer which was Shems and Hams, and which was wives. Flies ain't on that scale neither, as compared with elephants, you know! Ah, well! Have you got anything in the parcel line for me, John?"

The carrier put his hand into a pocket of the coat he had taken off, and brought out, carefully preserved in moss and paper, and tiny flower-pot.

"There it is!" he said, adjusting it with great care. "Not so much as a leaf damaged. Full of buds!"

Caleb's dull eye brightened as he took it and thanked him.

(Continued on Page 11.)

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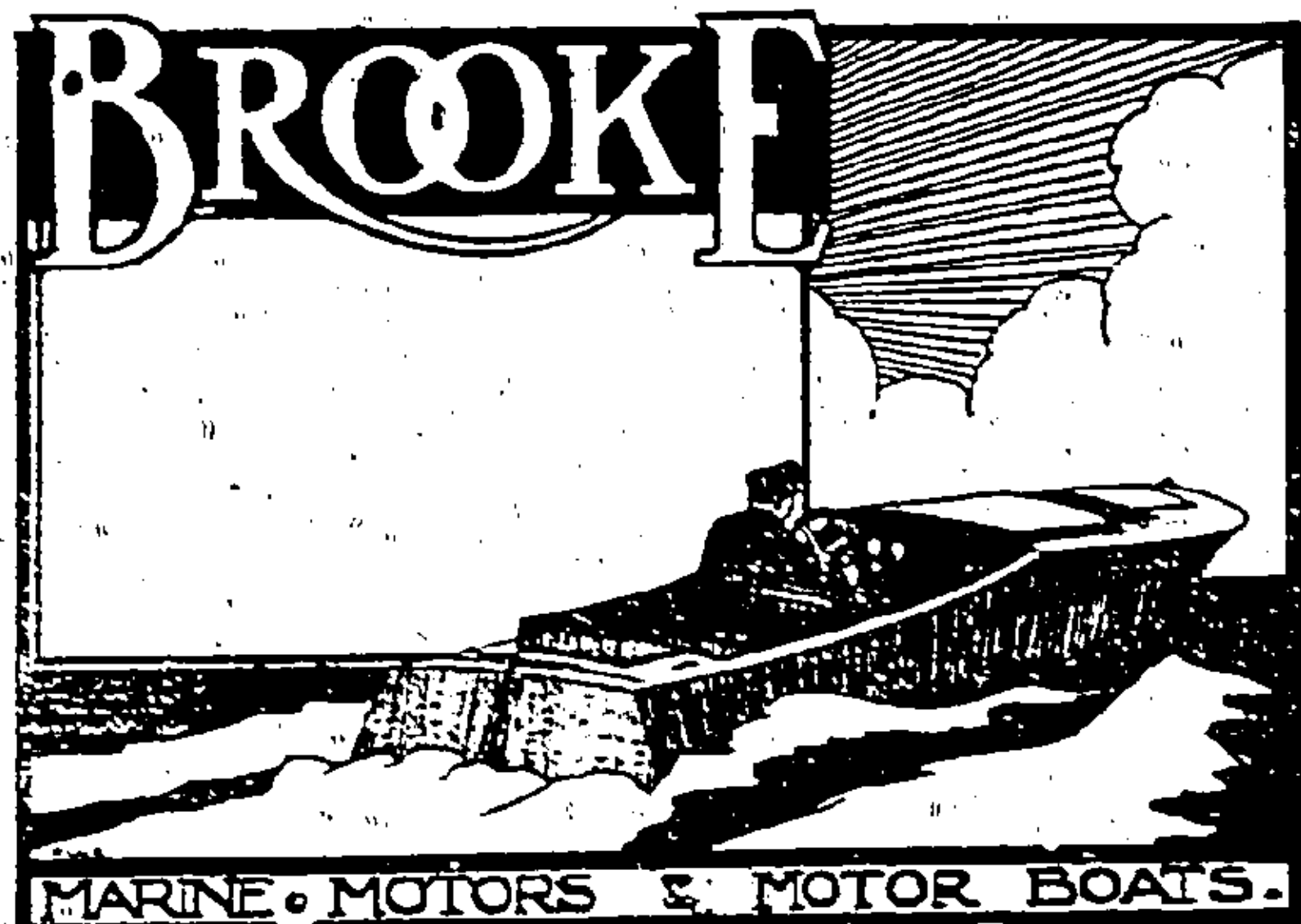
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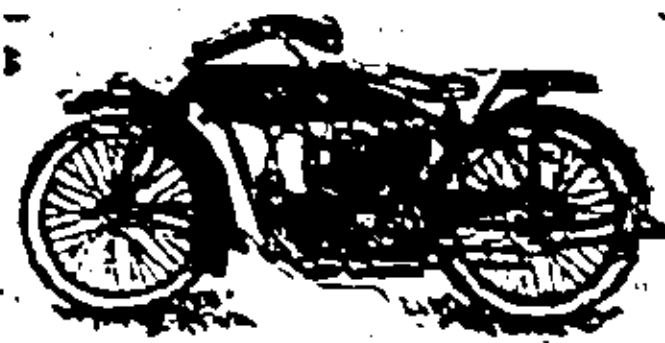
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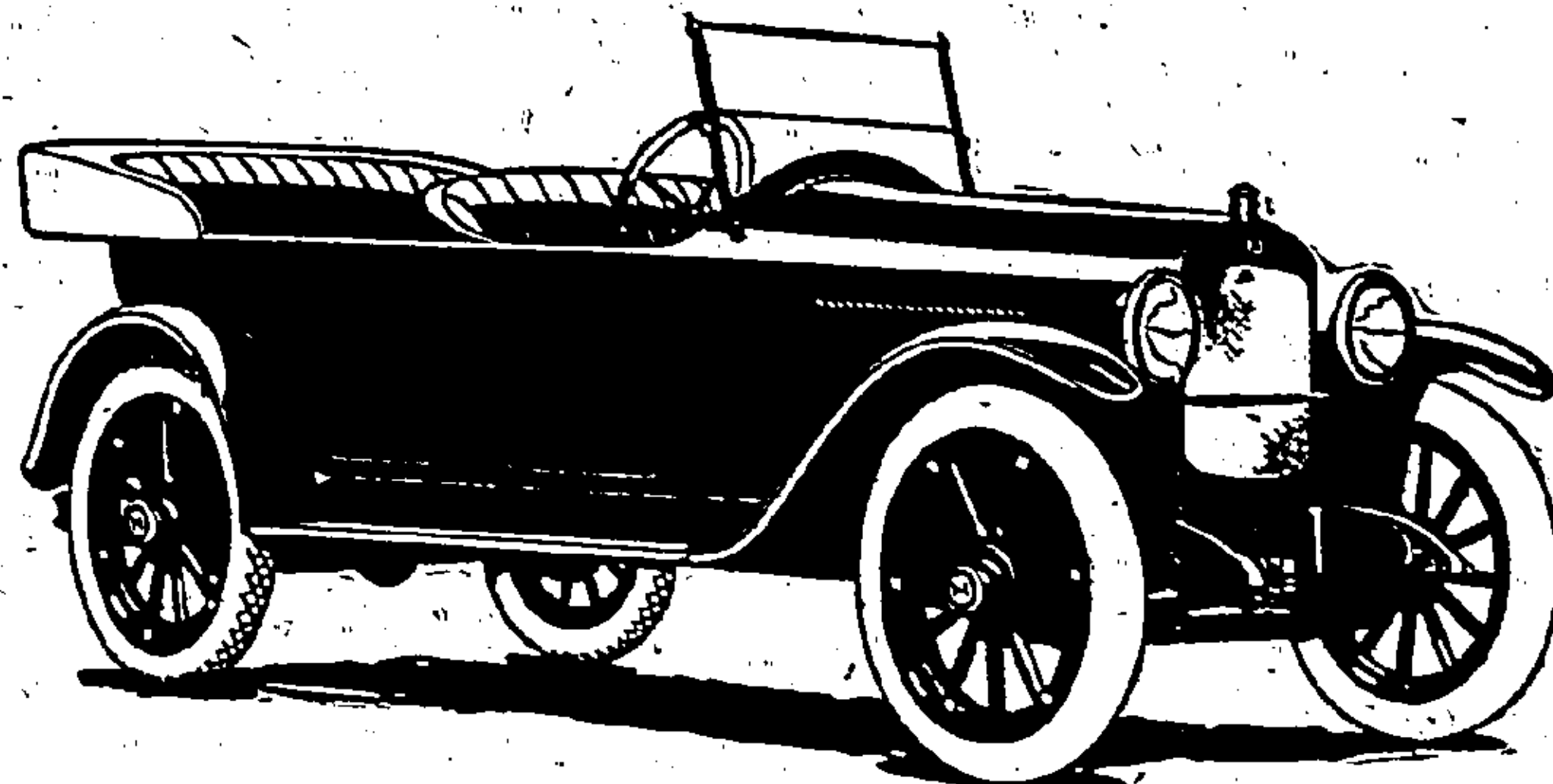




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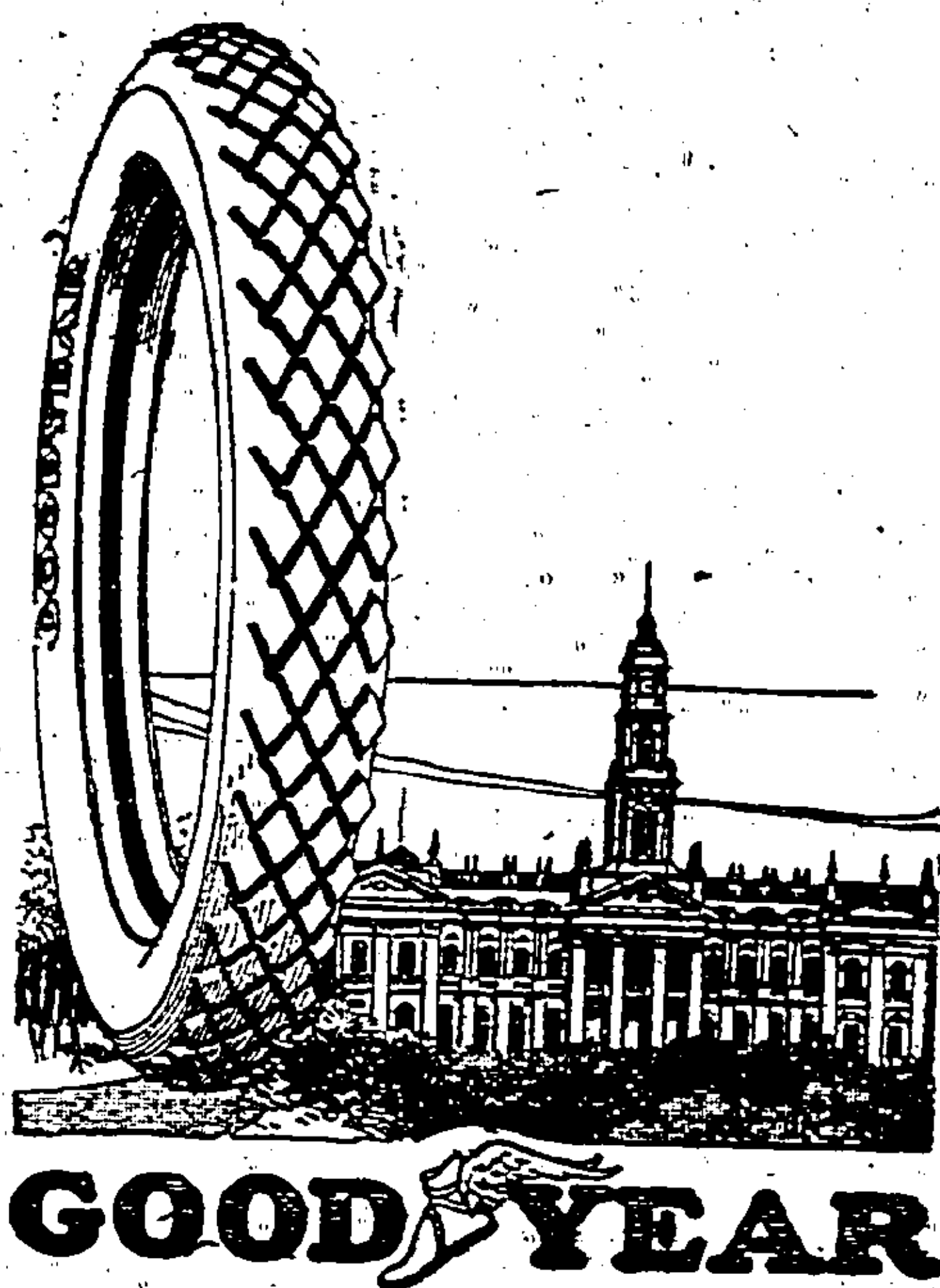
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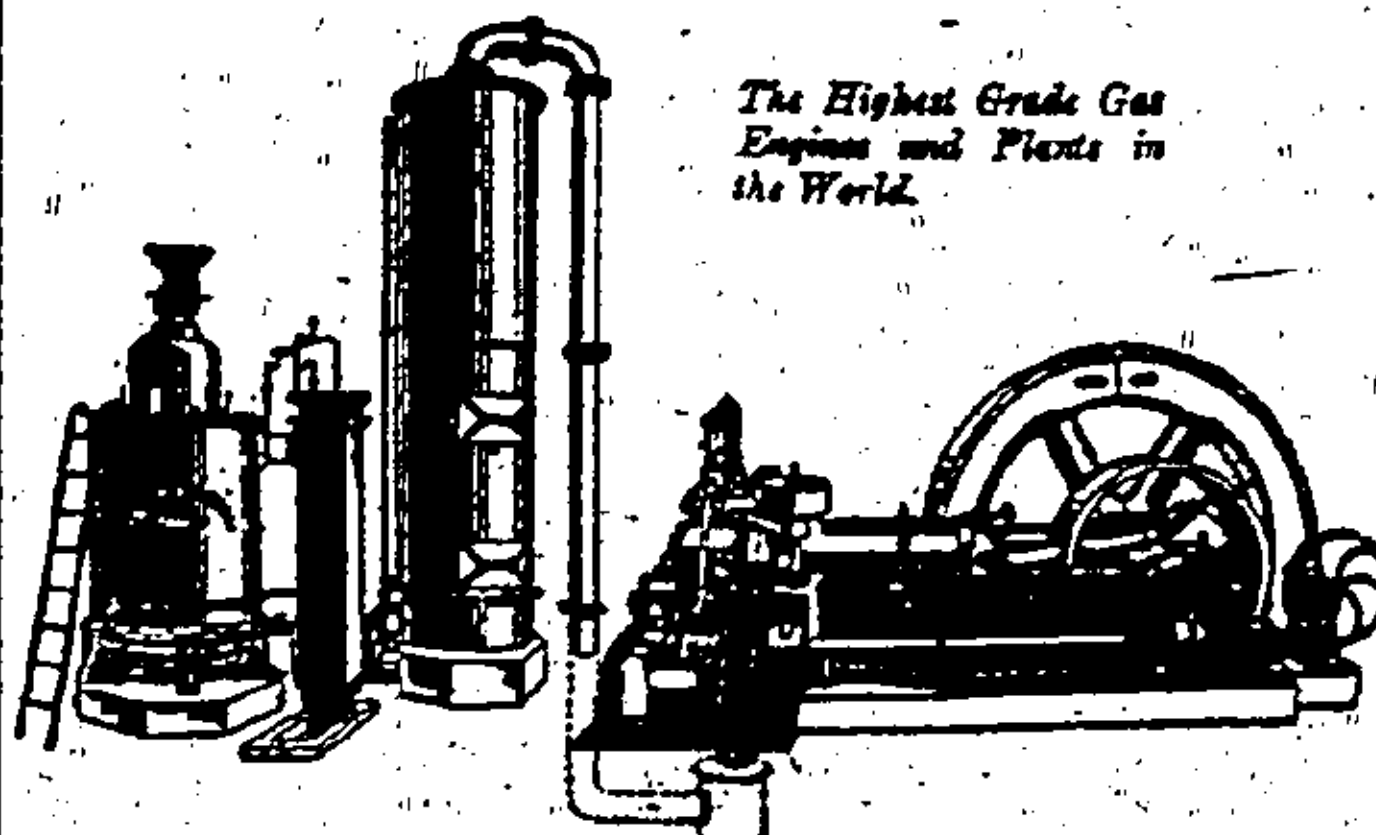
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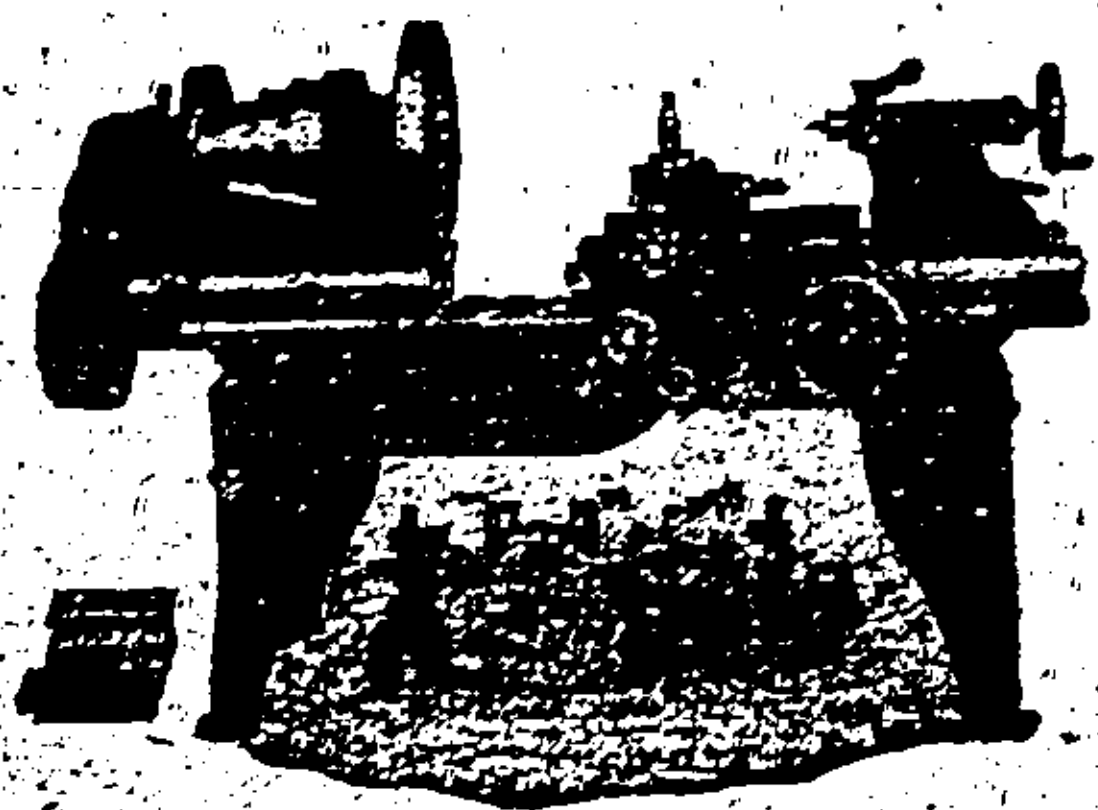
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# THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Dear, Caleb," said the carrier. "Very dear at this season."

"Never mind that. It would be cheap to me, whatever it cost," returned the little man. "Anything else, John?"

"A small box," replied the carrier. "Here you are!"

"For Caleb Plummer," said the little man, spelling out the direction. "With cash. With cash, John? I don't think it's for me."

"With care," returned the carrier, looking over his shoulder. "Where do you make out cash?"

"Oh! To be sure!" said Caleb. "It's all right. With care? Yes, that's mine. It might have been with cash, indeed, if my dear boy in the golden South Americas had lived, John. You loved him like a son, didn't you? You needn't say you did. I know, of course. Caleb Plummer. With care. Yes, yes, it's all right. It's a box of dolls' eyes, for my daughter's work. I wish it was her own sight in a box, John."

"I wish it, or could be," cried the carrier.

"Thank you," said the little man. "You speak very hearty. To think that she should never see the dolls— and then as a girl, she's so bold, all day long! That's where it costs. What's the damage, John?"

"I'll damage you," said John. "If you inquire, Dot! Very near."

"Well! It's like you to say so," observed the little man. "It's your kind way. Let me see. I think that's all."

"I think now," said the carrier. "Try again."

"Something for our governor, eh?" said Caleb, after pondering a little while. "To be sure. That's what I came for; but my head's so running on them arks and things. He hasn't been here, has he?"

"Not he," returned the carrier. "He's too busy courting."

"He's coming round though," said Caleb. "For he told me to keep on the rear-side of the road going home, and it was ten to one he'd take up. I had better go by the bye. You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, mum, for half a penny, could you?"

"Why, Caleb, what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, mum," said the little man. "He might like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in, for backing dogs, and I should wish to go as close to nature as I could. No expense. That's all. Never mind, mum."

It happened, however, that Boxer, without receiving the proposed stimulus, began to bark with great zeal. But as this implied the approach of some new visitor, Caleb, postponing his study from the life to a more convenient season, shouldered the round box, and took a hurried leave. He might have spared himself the trouble, for he met the visitor upon the threshold.

"Oh! You are here, are you? Wait a bit. I'll take you home. John Peerybingle, my service to you. More of my service to your pretty wife. Handsome every day! Better too, it possible! And younger," mused the speaker, in a low voice; "that's the devil of it!"

"I should be astonished at your paying compliments, Mr. Tackleton," said Dot, not with the best grace in the world, "but for your condition."

"You know all about it then?"

"I have got myself to believe it somehow," said Dot.

"After a hard struggle, I suppose?"

"Very."

Tackleton the toy-merchant, pretty generally known as Gruff and Tackleton—for that was the firm, though Gruff had been bought out long ago; only leaving his name, and as some said his nature, according to its dictionary meaning, in the business—Tackleton the toy-merchant was a man whose vocation had been, quite misunderstood by his parents and guardians. If they had made him a money-lender, or a sharp attorney, or a sheriff's officer, or a broker, he might have sown his discontented oats in his youth, and, after having had the full run of himself in ill-natured transactions, might have turned amiable, at last, for the sake of a little freshness and novelty. But, cramped and chafing in the peaceable pursuit of toy-making, he was a domestic ogre, who had been living on children all his life, and was their implacable enemy. He despised all toys; wouldn't have bought one for the world; delighted, in his malice, to insinuate grim expressions into the faces of brown-paper farmers who drove pigs to market, bell-men who advertised lost lawyers' consciences, movable old ladies who carried stockings or carved pies and other like samples of his stock-in-trade. In appalling masks, hideous, hairy, red-eyed jacks in boxes, vampire-kites, demoniacal tumblers who wouldn't lie down, and were perpetually flying forward, to stare infants out of countenance; his soul perfectly revelled. There were his only relief and safety-valve. He was great in such intentions. Anything suggestive of a pony-nightmare was delicious to him. He had even lost money (and he took to that toy very kindly) by getting up goblin slides for magic lanterns, whereon the powers of darkness were depicted as a sort

of supernatural shell-fish, with human faces. In intensifying the portraiture of giants, he had sunk quite a little capital; and, though no painter himself, he could indicate, for the instruction of his artists, with a piece of chalk, a certain lurid leer for the countenances of those monsters, that was sale to destroy the peace of mind of any young gentleman between the ages of six and eleven, for the whole Christmas or midsummer vacation.

What he was in toys, he was (as most men are) in other things. You may easily suppose, therefore, that within the great green cape, which reached down to the calves of his legs, and was buttoned up to the chin and uncommonly pleasant fellow; and that he was about as choice a spirit, and as agreeable a companion, as ever stood in a pair of bull-headed-looking boots with mahogany-colored tops.

He didn't look much like a bridegroom, as he stood in the carrier's kitchen, with a twist in his dry face, and a screw in his body, and his hat jerked over the bridge of his nose, and his hands stuck down into the bottoms of his pockets, and his whole carcass ill-conditioned self peering out of one little corner of one little eye, like the concentrated essence of any number of ravens. But a bridegroom he seemed to be.

"In three days' time," said Tackleton, "the last day of the first month in the year. That's my wedding-day," said Tackleton.

"Did I mention that he had always one eye wide open, and the one eye nearly shut; and that the one eye near shut was always the expressive eye? I don't think I did."

"That's my wedding-day," said Tackleton, raising his voice.

"Why, it's our wedding-day too," exclaimed the carrier.

"Hu ha!" laughed Tackleton. "Ours! You're just such another couple, just!"

The indignation of Dot at this presumptuous assertion is not to be described. What next? His imagination would compare the possibility of just such another baby, perhaps. The man was mad.

"I say! A word with you," murmured Tackleton, nudging the carrier with his elbow, and taking him a little aside. "You'll come to the wedding? We're in the same boat, you know."

"How in the same boat?" inquired the carrier.

"A little disparity, you know," said Tackleton, with another nudge. "Come and spend an evening with us, beforehand."

"Why?" demanded John, astonished at this pressing hospitality.

"Why?" returned the other. "That's a new way of receiving an invitation. Why, for pleasure—sociability, you know, and all that!"

"I thought you were ever sociable," said John, in his plain way.

"Tchah! It's of no use to be anything but free with you, I see," said Tackleton. "Why, then, the truth is you have a—what tea-drinking people call a sort of a comfortable appearance together, you and your wife. We know better. You know, but—"

"No, we don't know better," interrupted John. "What are you talking about?"

"Well! We don't know better then," said Tackleton. "We'll agree that we don't. As you like: what does it matter? I was going to say, as you have that sort of appearance, your company will produce a favourable effect on Mrs. Tackleton that will be. And, though I don't think your good lady's very friendly to me, in this matter, still she can't help herself from falling into my views, for there's a compactness and cosiness of appearance about her that always tells, even in an indifferent case. You'll say you'll come?"

"We have arranged to keep our wedding-day (as far as that goes) at home," said John. "We have made the promise to ourselves these six months. We think, you see, that home—"

"Bah! what's home?" cried Tackleton. "Four walls and a ceiling? Why don't you kill that cricket! I would! I always do. I hate their noise. There are four walls and a ceiling at my house. Come to me!"

"You kill your crickets, eh?" said John.

"Scrumph 'em, sir," returned the other, setting his heel heavily on the floor. "You'll say you'll come? It's as much your interest as mine, you know, that the women should persuade each other that they're quiet and contented, and couldn't be better off. I know their way. Whatever one woman says, another woman is determined to clinch, always. There's that spirit of emulation among 'em, sir, that if your wife says to my wife, 'I'm the happiest woman in my world, and I do to you, my wife will say the same to yours, or more, and half believe it.'"

"Do you mean to say she don't, then?" asked the carrier.

"Don't," cried Tackleton, with a shot, sharp laugh. "Don't what?"

The carrier had had some faint idea of adding, "dote upon you." But happening to meet the half-closed eyes, as it twinkled upon him over the turned-up collar of the cape, which was within an ace of poking it out, he felt it such an unlikely part and

parcel of anything to be doted on, that he substituted, "that she don't believe it?"

"Ah, you dog! You're joking," said Tackleton.

But the carrier, though slow to understand the full drift of his meaning, eyed him in such a serious manner, that he was obliged to be a little more explanatory.

"I have the honour," said Tackleton, holding up the fingers of his left hand, and tapping the forefinger, to imply "there I am, Tackleton to wit!"

"I have the honour, sir, to marry a young wife, and a pretty wife—here he rapped his little finger, to express the bride; not sparingly, but sharply, with a sense of power. "I'm able to gratify that humour, and I do. It's my whim. But—now look there."

He pointed to where Dot was sitting, thoughtfully, before the fire, leaning her dimpled chin upon her hand, and watching the bright blaze. The carrier looked at her, and then at him, and then her and then at him again.

"She honours and obeys, no doubt, you know," said Tackleton, "and that, as I am not a man of semi-ment, is quite enough for me. But do you think there's anything more in it?"

"I think," observed the carrier, "that I should chuck any man out of window, who said there wasn't."

"Exactly so," returned the other, with an unusual alacrity of assent. "To be sure! Doubtless you would. Of course, I'm certain of it. Good-night. Pleasant dreams?"

The good carrier was puzzled, and made uncomfortable and uncertain, in spite of himself. He couldn't help showing it, in his manner.

"Good-night, my dear friend," said Tackleton compassionately. "I'm off. We're exactly alike, in reality. I see. You won't give us to-morrow evening? Well! Next day I'll meet you there, and bring my wife that is to be. It'll do her good. You're agreeable. Thank you. What's that?"

It was a loud cry from the carrier's wife; a loud, sharp, sudden cry, that made the room ring like a glass vessel. She had risen from her seat, and stood like one transfixed by terror and surprise. The stranger had advanced towards the fire to warm himself, and stood within a short strike of her chair. But quite still.

"Dot!" cried the carrier. "Mary! darling! What's the matter?"

They were all about her in a moment. Caleb, who had been dozing on the cake-box, in the first imperfect recovery of his suspended presence of mind, seized Miss Slowboy by the hair of her head, but immediately apologized.

"Mary!" exclaimed the carrier, supporting her in his arms. "Are you ill? What is all? Tell me, dear!"

She only answered by beating her hands together, and falling into a wild fit of laughter. Then, sinking from his grasp upon the ground, she covered her face with her apron, and wept bitterly. And then she laughed again; and then she cried again; and then she said how cold it was, and suffered him to lead her to the fire, where she sat down as before. The old man standing, as before, quite still.

"I'm better, John," she said. "I'm quite well now—"

"John!" But John was on the other side of her. Why turn her face towards the strange old gentleman, as if addressing him? Was her brain wandering?

"Only a fancy, John dear—a kind of shock—a something coming suddenly before my eyes—I don't know what it was. It's quite gone; quite gone."

"I'm glad it's gone," muttered Tackleton, turning the expressive eye all round the room. "I wonder where it's gone, and what it was. Humph! Caleb, come here! Who's that with the gray hair?"

"I don't know, sir," returned Caleb in a whisper. "Never seen him before, in all my life. A beautiful figure for a nut-cracker; quite a new model. With a screw-law opening down into his waistcoat, he'd be lovely."

"Not ugly enough," said Tackleton.

"Or for a firebox, either," observed Caleb, in deep contemplation, "what a model! Unscrow his head to put the matches in; turn him heels up for the light; and what a fire-box for a gentleman's mantelshelf, just as he stands!"

"Not half ugly enough," said Tackleton. "Nothing in him at all. Come! Bring that box! All right now, I hope?"

"Oh, quite gone! Quite gone!" said the little woman, waving him hurriedly away. "Good-night!"

So, with another sharp look round the room, he went out at the door, followed by Caleb with the wedding-cake on his head.

The carrier had been so much astonished by his little wife, and so busily engaged in soothing and tending her, that he had scarcely been conscious of the stranger's presence, until now, when he again stood there, their only guest.

"He don't belong to them, you see," said John. "I must give him a hint to go."

"I beg your pardon, friend," said the old gentleman, advancing to him; "the more so, as I fear, your wife

has not been well; but the attendant whom my infirmity," he touched his ears, and shook his head, "renders almost indispensable, not having arrived, I fear there must be some mistake. The bad night which made the shelter of your comfortable cart (may I never have worse!) so acceptable, is still as bad as ever. Would you, in your kindness, suffer me to rent a bed here?"

"Yes, yes," cried Dot. "Yes! Certainly!"

"Oh!" said the carrier, surprised by the rapidity of this consent. "Well! I don't object; but still I'm not quite sure that—"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Dear John!"

"Why, he's stone deaf," urged John.

"I know he is, but—Yes, sir, certainly. Yes! Certainly—I'll make him up a bed directly, John."

As she hurried off to do it, the flutter of her skirts, and the agitation of her manner, were so strange, that the carrier stood looking her, quite confounded.

"Did its mothers make it up a beds then?" cried Miss Slowboy to the baby; "and did its hair grow brown and curly, when its caps was lifted off, and frighten it, a precious pet, as-sitting by the fires?"

With that unaccountable attraction of the mind to trifles, which is often incidental to a state of doubt and confusion, the carrier, as he walked slowly to and fro, found himself mentally repeating even these absurd words, many times. So many times, that he got them by heart, and was still coining them over and over, like a lesson, when Tilly, after administering as much friction to the little bald head with her hand as she thought wholesome (according to the practice of nurses), had once more tied the baby's cap on.

"And frighten it a precious pet, as-sitting by the fires. What frighten Dot, I wonder!" mused the carrier, pacing to and fro.

He scouted, from his heart, the insinuations of the toy-merchant; and yet they filled him with a vague, indefinite uneasiness. For Tackleton was quick and sly; and he had that painful sense, himself, of being a man of slow perception, that a broken hint was always worrying to him. He certainly had no intention in his mind of linking anything that Tackleton had said with the unusual conduct of his wife; but the two subjects of reflection came into his mind together, and he could not keep them asunder.

The bed was soon made ready; and the visitor, declining all refreshment but a cup of tea, retired. Then Dot, quite well again, she said, quite well again—arranged the great chair in the chimney-corner for her husband; filled his pipe and gave it him; and took her usual little stool beside him on the hearth.

She always would sit on that little stool. I think she must have had a kind of notion that it was a coaxing, wheedling little stool.

She was, out and out, the very best filler of a pipe I should say, in the four quarters of the quarters of the globe. To see her put that chibby little finger in the bowl, and then blow down the pipe to clear the tube, and when she had done so, affect to think that there was really something in the tube, and blow a dozen times, and hold it to her eye like a telescope, with a most provoking twist in her capital little face, as she looked down at it, was quite a brilliant thing. As if to tobacco, she was a perfect mistress of the subject; and her lighting of the pipe, with a wisp of paper, when the carrier had it in his mouth—going so very near his nose, and yet not scorching it—was art, high art, sir.

And the cricket and the kettle tuning up, again, acknowledged it. The bright fire, blazing up again, acknowledged it. The little mow on the clock, in his unheeded work, acknowledged it, the readiest of all.

And as he soberly and thoughtfully puffed at his old pipe, and as the red fire gleamed, and as the cricket chimed; that genius of his hearth and home (for such the cricket was) came out, in fairy shape, into the room, and summoned many forms of home about him, Dots of all ages, and all sizes, filled the chamber. Dots who were merry children, running on before him gathering flowers, in the fields; coy Dots, half shrinking from, half yielding to, the pleading of his own rough image; newly-married Dots, alighting at the door, and taking wondering possession of the household keys; motherly little Dots, attended by fidgety Slowboys, bearing babies to be christened; matronly Dots, still young and blooming, watching Dots of daughters, as they danced at rustic balls; fat Dots, encircled and beset by troops of rosy grandchildren, withered Dots, who leaned on sticks, and tottered as they crept along. Old carriers, too, appeared, with blind old Boxers lying at their feet; and newer carts with younger drivers.

"Poetrybingle, Brothers!" on the hill; and sick old carriers, tended by the gentlest hands; and graves of dead and gone old carriers, green in the churchyard. And as the cricket showed him all these things—he saw them plainly, though his eyes were fixed upon the fire—the carrier's heart grew light and happy, and he raked his household gods with all his might, and cared no more for Gruff and Tackleton than you do:

But what was that young figure of a man, which the same fiery cricket set so near her stool, and which remained there, singly and alone? Why did it linger still, so near her, with its arm upon the chimney-piece, ever repeating, "Married! and not to me!"

Oh, Dot! Oh, bailing Dot! There is no place for it in all your husband's visions; why has its shadow fallen on his hearth!

CHIRP THE SECOND.

Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, as the story-books say—and my blessing, with yours to back it, I hope, on the story-books, for saying anything in this workaday world!—Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house, which was, in truth, no better than a pimple on the prominent red-brick nose of Gruff and Tackleton. The premises of Gruff and Tackleton were the great feature of the street; but you might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart.

If any one had done the dwelling-house of Caleb Plummer the honour to miss it after such an inroad, it would have been, no doubt, to commend its demolition as a vast improvement. It stuck to the premises of Gruff and Tackleton, like a barnacle to a ship's keel, or a snail to a door, or a little bunch of toadstools to the stem of a tree. But it was the germ from which the full-grown trunk of Gruff and Tackleton had sprung; and under its crazy roof, the Gruff before last, had, in a small way, made toys for a generation of old boys and girls, who had played with them and found them out, and broken them, and gone to sleep.

I have said that Caleb and his poor blind daughter lived here; but I should have said that Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else—in an enchanted home of Caleb's, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered. Caleb was no scrounger, but in the only magic art that still remains to us, the magic of devoted, deathless love, Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching, all the wonder came.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discoloured, walls blotched and bare of plaster here and there, high crevices unstoppered, and widening every day, beams mouldering and tending downward. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off, the size, and shape, and true proportion of the dwelling, withering away. The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of dirt and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning gray and more gray; before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested—never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton in short; but lived in the belief of an eccentric humorist who loved to have his jest with them, and who, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father! But he too had a cricket on his hearth; and listening sadly to its music when the motherless blind child was very young, that spirit had inspired him with the thought that, even her great deprivation might be almost changed into a blessing, and the girl made happy by these little means. For all the cricket tribe are potent spirits, even though the people who hold converse with them do not know it (which is frequently the case); and there are not in the unseen world, voices more gentle and more true; that may be so implicitly relied on, or that are so certain to give gone but tenderest counsel; as the voices in which the spirits of the fireside and the hearth address themselves to human kind.

Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working-room, which served them for their ordinary living-room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls of all stations in life. Suburban tenements for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate. Some of these establishments were already finished according to estimate, with a view to the convenience of dolls of limited income; others could be fitted on the most expensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of chairs and tables; sofas, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay, here and there, in baskets, staring straight up at the ceiling; but, in denoting their degrees in society, and confining them to their respective stations (which experience shows to be lamentably difficult in real life), the makers of these dolls had far improved on Nature, who is often forward and prevaricating, for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as satin, cotton-print, and bits of rag, had superadded striking personal differences which allowed of no mistake. Thus, the doll-lady of distinction had wax limbs of perfect symmetry; but only she and her compeers. The next

grade in the social scale being made of leather, and the next of coarse linen stuff. As to the common people, they had just so many matches out of tinder-boxes, for their arms and legs, and there they were—established in their sphere at once, beyond the possibility of getting out of it.

There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's arks, in which birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in, anyhow, at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass. By a bold poetical licence, most of these Noah's arks had knockers on the doors; inconsistent appendages perhaps, as suggestive of morning callers and a postman, yet a pleasant finish to the outside of the building. There were scores of melancholy little carts, which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns. There were little numbers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up over obstacles of red-tape, and coming down, head first, on the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable, not to say venerable, appearance, incessantly going over horizontal pegs, inserted, for the purpose, in their own street doors. There were beads of all sorts; horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mane. As it would have been hard to count the dozens upon dozens of grotesque figures, that were ever ready to commit all sorts of absurdities on the turning of a handle, so it would have been no easy task to mention any human folly, vice, or weakness, that had not its type, immediate or remote, in Caleb Plummer's room. And not in an exaggerated form, for very little handles will move men and women to as strange performances, as any toy was ever made to undertake.

In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. The blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker; Caleb painting and glazing the four-pair front of a desirable family mansion.

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him. But trivial things, invented and pursued for bread, become very serious matters of fact; and, apart from this consideration, I am not at all prepared to say, myself, that if Caleb had been a lord chamberlain, or a member of parliament, or a lawyer, or even a great speculator, he would have dealt in toys one whit less whimsical, while I have a very great doubt whether they would have been as harmless.

"So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful new greatcoat," said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat," answered Caleb, glancing towards a clothes-line in the room, on which the sackcloth garment previously described, was carefully hung up to dry.

"And of such a tailor too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work, and laughed with delight. "Too good, father! What can be too good for you?"

"I'm half ashamed to wear it though," said Caleb, watching the effect of what he said, upon her brightening face; "upon my word! When I hear the boys and people say behind me, 'Hol-lo! Here's a swell!' I don't know which way to look. And when I said I was a very common man, said 'No, your honour! Bless your honour, don't say that! I was quite ashamed. I really felt as if I hadn't a right to wear it.'"

"Happy blind girl! How merry she was, in her exultation!"

"I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands. "As plainly, as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. I blue coat!"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the colour I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before. A bright blue coat!"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes! loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it, you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair—looking so young and handsome!"

"Hollo! Hollo!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain, presently."

"I think you are, already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him, in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

How different the picture in her mind, from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step. "She was right in that. For years, he had never once crossed that threshold at his own slow pace; but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had her, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render her so cheerful and courageous!"

Heaven knows! But I think Caleb's vague bewilderment of manner may have originated in his having confused himself about himself, and everything around him, for the love of his blind daughter. How could the little man be otherwise than bewildered, after labouring for so many years to destroy his own identity, and that of all the objects that had any bearing on it?

"There we are," said Caleb, falling back a pace or two to form the better judgment of his work; "near the real thing as sixpennorth of halfpence is to sixpence. What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once! If there was only a staircase in it, now, and regular doors to the rooms to go in at! But that's the worst of my calling, I'm always deluding myself, and swindling myself."

"You're speaking quite softly. You are not tired, father?"

"Tired," echoed Caleb, with a great burst of animation, "what should tire me, Bertha? I was never tired. What does it mean?"

To give the greater force to his words, he checked himself in an involuntary imitation of two half-lengths stretching and yawning figures on the mantel shelf, who were represented as in one eternal state of weariness from the waist upwards; and hummed a fragment of a song. It was a Bachchanian song, something about a sparkling bowl; and he sang it with an assumption of devil-may-care voice, that made his face a thousand times more meagre and more thoughtful than ever.

"What! You're singing, are you?" said Tackleton, putting his head in at the door. "Go in! I can't sing."

Nobody would have suspected him of it. He hadn't what is generally termed a singing face, by any means.

"I can't afford to sing," said Tackleton. "I'm glad you can. I hope you can afford to work too. Hardly time for both, I should think."

"If you could only see me! Bertha, how he's winking at me!" whispered Caleb. "Such a man to joke! you'd think, if you didn't know him, he was in earnest—wouldn't you now?"

The blind girl smiled and nodded.

"The bird that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing, they say," grumbled Tackleton. "What about the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing; is there anything that he should be made to do?"

"The extent to which he's winking at this moment," whispered Caleb to his daughter. "Oh, my gracious! Always merry and light-hearted with us!" cried the smiling Bertha.

"Oh! you're there, are you?" answered Tackleton. "Poor idiot! He really did believe she was an idiot; and he founded the belief, upon her being fond of him."

"Well; and being there—how are you?" said Tackleton, in his grudging way.

"Oh! well; quite well. And as happy as even you can wish me to be. As happy as you would make the whole world, if you could."

"Poor idiot!" muttered Tackleton. "No gleam of reason. Not a gleam!"

The blind girl took his hand, and kissed it; held it for a moment in her own two hands; and laid her cheek against it tenderly, before releasing it. There was such unspoken affection and such fervent gratitude in the act, that Tackleton himself was moved to say, in a milder growl than usual—

"What's the matter now?"

"I stood it close beside my pillow when I went to sleep last night, and remembered it in my dreams. And when the day broke, and the glorious red sun—the red sun, father!"

"Red in the mornings and the evenings, Bertha," said poor Caleb, with a woe-fallen glance at his employer.

"When it rose, and the bright light I almost fear to strike myself against in walking, came into the room, I turned the little tree towards it, and blessed Heaven for making things so precious, and blessed you for sending them to cheer me!"

"Bedlam, broke loose!" said Tackleton, under his breath. "We shall arrive at the strain-waistcoat and mufflers soon. We're getting on!"

Caleb, with his hands hooked loosely in each other, stared vacantly before him while his daughter spoke; as if he really were uncertain (as he never was) whether Tackleton had done anything to deserve her thanks or not. If he could have been a perfectly free agent, at that moment required, on pain of death, to be the toy-merchant, or fall at his feet according to his merits, I believe, would have been an even chance. Yet Caleb knew that with his hands he had brought the little tree home for her; so carefully that with his own lips he had, in the innocent deception which helps to keep her from suspecting much, how very much he even denied himself, that she might be happier.

"Bertha!" said Tackleton, "ing for the door, a little out. Come here."

"Oh! I can come straight in. You needn't guide me," said Caleb.

"Shall I tell you a secret then?"

(Continued on Page 12.)



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# THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(Continued from Page 11.)

"If you will!" she answered eagerly.

How bright the darkened face! How adorned with light, the listening head!

"This is the day on which little what's-her-name, the spoiled child, Peerybingle's wife, pays her regular visit to you—makes her fantastic picnic here; ain't it?" said Tackleton, with a strong expression of dislike for the whole concern.

"Yes," replied Bertha. "This is the day."

"I thought so," said Tackleton. "I should like to join the party."

"Do you hear that, father?" cried the blind girl, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, I hear it," murmured Caleb, with the fixed look of a sleep-walker; "but I don't believe it. It's one of my lies, I've no doubt."

"You see, I—I want to bring the Peerybingles a little more into company with May Fiedling," said Tackleton. "I am going to be married to May."

"Married?" cried the blind girl, starting from him.

"She's such a con-founded idiot," muttered Tackleton, "that I was afraid she'd never comprehend me. Ah, Bertha! Married! Church, parson, clerk, beads, glass coach, bells, breakfast, bride-cake, favours, marrow-bones, cleavers and all the rest of the tomtoddlery. A wedding, you know; a wedding. Don't you know what a wedding is?"

"I know," replied the blind girl, in a gentle tone. "I understand."

"Do you?" muttered Tackleton. "It's more than I expected. Well! On that account I want to join the party, and to bring May and her mother. I'll send in a little something or other, before the afternoon. A cold leg of mutton, or some comfortable raffle of that sort. You'll expect me?"

"Yes," she answered. She had drooped her head, and turned away; and so stood, with her hands crossed, musing.

"I don't think you will," muttered Tackleton, looking at her; "for you seem to have forgotten all about it already. Caleb?"

"I may venture to say I'm here, I suppose," thought Caleb. "Sir! Take care she don't forget what I've been saying to her," returned Caleb. "It's one of the few things she ain't clever in."

"Every man thinks his own geese

swans," observed the toy-merchant, with a shrug. "Poor devil!"

Having delivered himself of which remark, with infinite contempt, old Griff and Tackleton withdrew.

Bertha remained where he had left her, lost in meditation. The gaiety had vanished from her downcast face, and it was very sad. Three or four times she shook her head, as if de-waiting some remembrance or some loss; but her sorrowful reflections found no vent in words.

It was not until Caleb had been occupied, some time, in yoking a team of horses to a wagon by the summary process of nailing the harness to the vital parts of their bodies, that she drew near to his working-stool, and sitting down beside him, said—

"Father, I am lonely in the dark. I want my eyes—my patient, willing eyes."

"Here they are," said Caleb. "Always ready. They are more yours than mine, Bertha, any hour in the four-and-twenty. What shall your eyes do for you, dear?"

"Look round the room, father."

"All right," said Caleb. "No sooner said than done, Bertha."

"Tell me about it."

"It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colours on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerfulness and neatness of the building, make it very pretty."

Cheerful and neat it was, wherever Bertha's hands could busy themselves. But nowhere else were cheerfulness and neatness possible, in the old crazy shed which Caleb's fancy so transformed.

"You have your working-dress on, and are not so gallant as when you wear the handsome coat," said Bertha, touching him.

"No, quite so gallant," answered Caleb. "Pretty brisk though."

"Father," said the blind girl, drawing close to his side, and stealing one arm round his neck, "tell me something about May. She is very fair?"

"She is indeed," said Caleb. And she was indeed. It was quite a rare thing to Caleb, not to have to draw on his invention.

"Her hair is dark," said Bertha persistently, "darker than mine. Her voice is sweet and musical, I know. I have often loved to hear it. Her shape—"

"There's not a doll's in all the room to equal it," said Caleb. "And her eyes—"

He stopped, for Bertha had drawn closer round his neck, and, from the arm that clung about him, came a

warning pressure which he understood too well.

He coughed a moment, hammered for a moment, and then fell back upon the song about the sparkling bowl; his infallible resource in all such difficulties.

"Our friend, father, our benefactor. I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him. Now, was I ever?" she said hastily.

"Of course not," answered Caleb, "and with reason."

"Ah! With how much reason!" cried the blind girl, with such ferocity, that Caleb, though his motives were so pure, could not endure to meet her face; but dropped his eyes, as if she could have read in them his innocent deceit.

"Then tell me again about him, dear father," said Bertha. "Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favours with a show of roughness and unwillingness, beats in its every look and glance."

"And makes it noble," added Caleb, in his quiet desperation.

"And makes it noble!" cried the blind girl. "He is older than May, father."

"Yes," said Caleb reluctantly.

"He's a little older than May. But that don't signify."

"Oh, father, yes! To be his patient companion in infirmity and age; to be his gentle nurse in sickness, and his constant friend in suffering and sorrow; to know no weariness in working for his sake; to watch him, tend him, sit beside his bed and talk to him awake, and pray for him asleep; what privileges these would be! What opportunities for proving all her truth and her devotion to him! Would she do all this, dear father?"

"No doubt of it," said Caleb.

"I love her, father! I can love her from my soul!" exclaimed the blind girl. And saying so, she laid her poor blind face on Caleb's shoulder, and so wept and wept, that he was almost sorry to have brought that fearful happiness upon her.

In the meantime, there had been a pretty sharp commotion at John Peerybingle's; for little Mrs. Peerybingle, naturally couldn't think of going anywhere without the baby; and to get the baby under weight took time. Not that there was much of the baby, speaking of it as a thing of weight and measure; but there was a vast deal to do about and about it, and it all had to be done by easy stages. For instance, when the baby was got by hook and by crook, to a certain point of dressing, and you might have rationally supposed that another touch or two would finish

him off, and turn him out a tip-top baby challenging the world, he was unexpectedly extinguished in a flame cap, and hustled off to bed; where he snuggled (so to speak) between two blankets for the best part of an hour. From this state of inaction he was then recalled, shivering very much and roaring violently, to partake of a well: I would rather say, if you'll permit me to speak generally—of a slight repast. After which, he went to sleep again. Mrs. Peerybingle took advantage of this interval, to make herself as smart in all your life; and, during the same short truce, Miss Slowboy insinuated herself into a Spencer of a fashion so surprising and ingenious, that it had no connection with herself, or anything else in the universe; but was a shrunken, dog-eared, independent fact, pursuing its lonely course without the least regard to anybody. By this time, the baby, being all alive again, was invested, by the united efforts of Mrs. Peerybingle and Miss Slowboy, with a cream-coloured mantle for its body, and a sort of nankeen raised-pie for its head; and so, in course of time, they all three got down to the door, where the old horse had already taken more than the full value of his day's toll out of the Turnpike Trust.

By tearing up the road with his impatient autographs; and whence Boxer might be dimly seen in the remote perspective, standing looking back, and tempting him to come on without orders.

As to the chair, or anything of that kind for helping Mrs. Peerybingle into the cart, you know very little of John, I flatter myself, if you think that was necessary. Before you could have seen him lift her from the ground, there she was in her place, fresh and rosy, saying, "John! How can you? Think of Tilly!"

"I love her, father! I can love her from my soul!" exclaimed the blind girl. And saying so, she laid her poor blind face on Caleb's shoulder, and so wept and wept, that he was almost sorry to have brought that fearful happiness upon her.

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him off, and turn him out a tip-top baby challenging the world, he was unexpectedly extinguished in a flame cap, and hustled off to bed; where he snuggled (so to speak) between two blankets for the best part of an hour. From this state of inaction he was then recalled, shivering very much and roaring violently, to partake of a well: I would rather say, if you'll permit me to speak generally—of a slight repast. After which, he went to sleep again. Mrs. Peerybingle took advantage of this interval, to make herself as smart in all your life; and, during the same short truce, Miss Slowboy insinuated herself into a Spencer of a fashion so surprising and ingenious, that it had no connection with herself, or anything else in the universe; but was a shrunken, dog-eared, independent fact, pursuing its lonely course without the least regard to anybody. By this time, the baby, being all alive again, was invested, by the united efforts of Mrs. Peerybingle and Miss Slowboy, with a cream-coloured mantle for its body, and a sort of nankeen raised-pie for its head; and so, in course of time, they all three got down to the door, where the old horse had already taken more than the full value of his day's toll out of the Turnpike Trust.

By tearing up the road with his impatient autographs; and whence Boxer might be dimly seen in the remote perspective, standing looking back, and tempting him to come on without orders.

As to the chair, or anything of that kind for helping Mrs. Peerybingle into the cart, you know very little of John, I flatter myself, if you think that was necessary. Before you could have seen him lift her from the ground, there she was in her place, fresh and rosy, saying, "John! How can you? Think of Tilly!"

"I love her, father! I can love her from my soul!" exclaimed the blind girl. And saying so, she laid her poor blind face on Caleb's shoulder, and so wept and wept, that he was almost sorry to have brought that fearful happiness upon her.

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"I am sorry for it, John," said Dot, in a great bustle, "but I really could not think of going to Bertha's—I would not do it, John, on any account—without the veal-and-ham pie and things, and the bottles of beer. Way!"

This monosyllable was addressed to the horse, who didn't mind it at all.

"Oh, Jo way, John!" said Mrs. Peerybingle. "Please!"

"It'll be time enough to do that," returned John, "when I begin to leave things behind me. The busker's here, safe enough."

"What a hard-hearted monster you must be, John, not to have said so, at once, and saved me such a turn! I declare I wouldn't go to Bertha's without the veal-and-ham pie and things, and the bottles of beer, for any money. Regularly once a fortnight ever since we have been married, John, have we made our little picnic there. If anything was to go wrong with it, I should almost think we were never to be lucky again."

"It was a kind thought in the first instance," said the carrier; "and I honour you for it, little woman."

"My dear John," replied Dot, turning very red, "don't talk about honouring me. Good gracious!"

"By the bye," observed the carrier, "that old gentleman—"

Again so visibly, and instantly embarrassed.

"He's an odd fish," said the carrier, looking straight along the road before them. "I can't make him out. I don't believe there's any harm in him."

"None at all. I'm—I'm sure there's none at all."

"Yes?" said the carrier, with his eyes attracted to her face by the great earnestness of her manner. "I am glad you feel so certain of it, because it's a confirmation to me. It's curious that he should have taken it into his head to ask leave to go on lodging with us; ain't it? Things come about so strangely."

"So very strangely," she rejoined, in a low voice, scarcely audible.

"However, he's a good-natured old gentleman," said John; "and pays as a gentleman, and I think his word is to be relied upon, like a gentleman's. I had quite a long talk with him this morning; he can hear me better already; he says, as he gets more used to my voice, he told me a great deal about himself, and I told him a good deal about myself, and a rare lot of questions, he asked me. I gave him information about my having two bears, you know, in my business; one day to the right from our house and back again; another day to the left from our house and back again; for he's a stranger and don't

know the names of places about here; and he seemed quite pleased. 'Why, then I shall be returning home to-night your way,' he says. 'when I thought you'd be coming in an exactly opposite direction. That's capital! I may trouble you for another lift perhaps, but I'll engage not to fall so sound asleep again.' He was sound asleep, sure—ly—Dot! what are you thinking of?"

"Thinking of, John? I—was listening to you."

"Oh! That's all right!" said the honest carrier. "I was afraid, from the look of your face, what I had gone rambling on so long, as to set you thinking about something else. I was very near it, I'll be bound."

Dot making no reply, they jogged on, for some time, in silence. But it was not easy to remain silent, very long, in John Peerybingle's cart, for everybody on the road had something to say, and though it might only be, "How are you?" and indeed it was very often nothing else, still, to give that back again in the right spirit of cordiality, required, not merely a nod and a smile, but as wholesome an action of the lungs withal, as a long-winded parliamentary speech. Sometimes passengers on foot, or horseback, plodded on a little way beside the cart, for the express purpose of having a chat; and there was a great deal to be said on both sides.

Then Boxer gave occasion to more good-natured recognitions of, and by the carrier, than half a dozen Christians could have done. Everybody knew him, all along the road—especially the fowls and pigs, who, when they saw him approaching, with his body all on one side, and his ears pricked up inquisitively, and that knob of a tail making the most of itself in the air, immediately withdrew into remote back settlements, without waiting for the honour of a nearer acquaintance. He had "business" everywhere; going down all the turnings, looking into all the wells, bolting in and out of all the cottages, dashing into the midst of all the dame-schools, fluttering all the pigeons, magnifying the tails of all the cats, and trotting into the public-houses like a regular customer. Wherever he went, somebody or other might have been heard to cry, "Hallo! Here's Boxer!" and out came that somebody forthwith, accompanied by at least two or three other somebodies, to give John Peerybingle and his pretty wife, good-day.

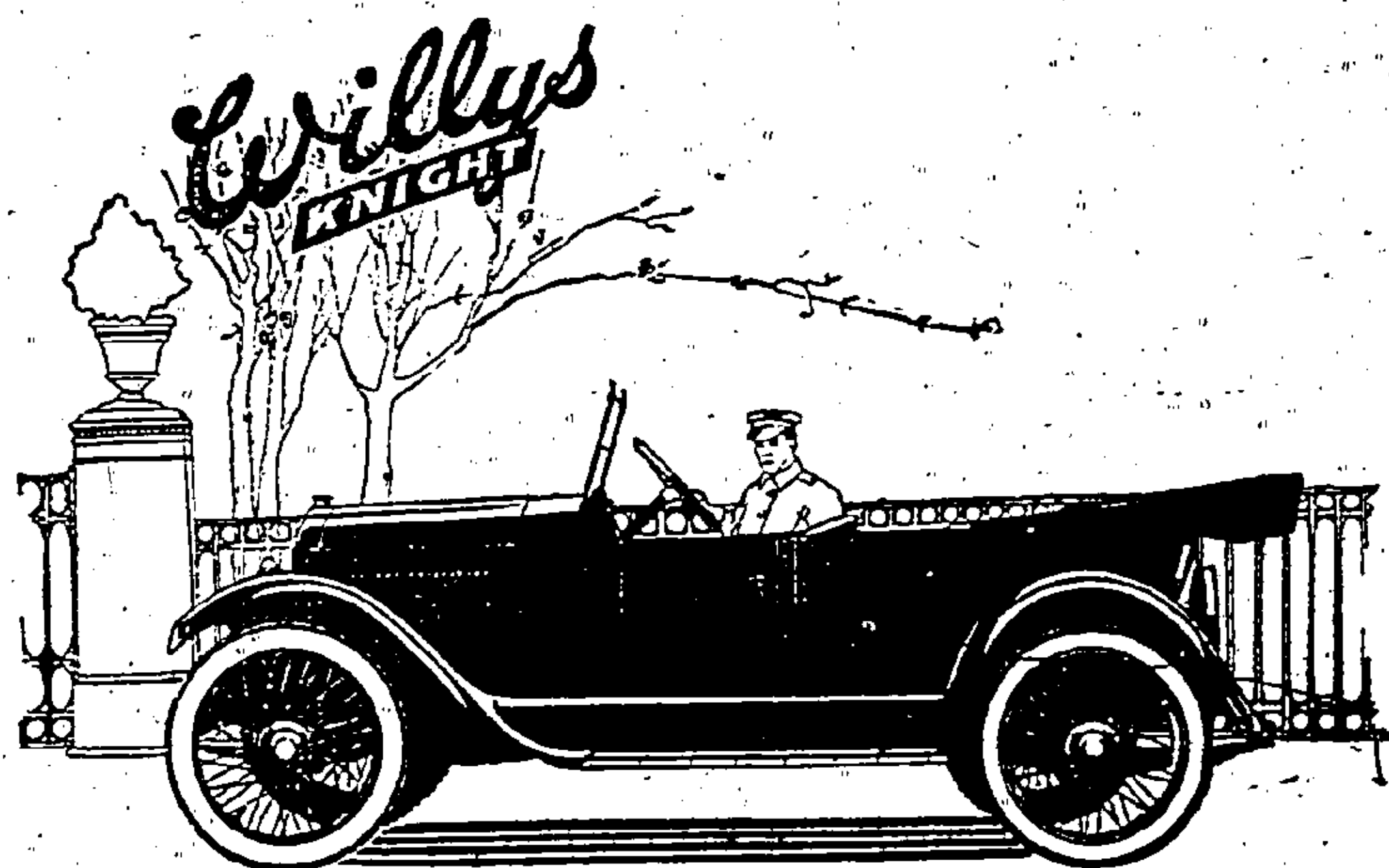
The packages and parcels for the errand cart were numerous; and there were many stoppages to take them in and give them out, which were not by any means the worst parts of the journey. Some people were so full of expectation about their parcels, and

other people were so full of wonder about their parcels, and other people were so full of inexhaustible directions about their parcels, and John had such a lively interest in all the parcels, that it was as good as a play. Likewise, there were articles to carry, which required to be considered and discussed, and in reference to the adjustment and disposition of which, councils had to be held by the carrier and the senders; at which Boxer usually assisted, in short fits of the closest attention, and long fits of tearing round and round the assembled sages and barking himself hoarse. Of all these little incidents, Dot was the amused and open-eyed spectator from her chair in the cart; and as she sat there, looking on—a charming little portrait framed to admiration by the tilt—there was no lack of nudgings and glances and whisperings and envious among the younger men. I promise you. And this delighted John the carrier beyond measure; for he was proud to have his little wife admired, knowing that she didn't mind it—that, if anything, she rather liked it, perhaps.

The trip was a little foggy, to be sure, in the January weather; and was raw and cold. But who cared for such trifles? Not Dot, decidedly. Not Tilly Slowboy, for she deemed sitting in a cart, on any terms, to be the highest point of human joys; the crowning circumstance of earthly hopes. Not the baby, I'll be sworn; for it's not in baby nature to be warm or more sound asleep, though its capacity is great in both respects, than that blessed young Peerybingle was, all the way.

You couldn't see very far in the fog, of course; but you could see a great deal, oh, a great deal! It's astonishing how much you may see, in a thicker fog than that, if you will only take the trouble to look for it. Why, even to sit watching for the fairy-rings in the fields, and for the patches of hoar-frost skill lingering in the shade, near hedges and by trees, was a pleasant occupation—to make no mention of the unexpected shapes in which the trees themselves came staring out of the mist, and glided into it again. The hedges were tangled and bare, and waved a multitude of blighted garlands in the wind; but there was no discouragement in this. It was agreeable to contemplate; for it made the fireside warmer in possession, and the summer greener in expectancy. The river looked chilly; but it was in motion, and moving at a good pace—which was a great point. The canal was rather slow and torpid; that must be admitted. Never mind. It would freeze the sooner when the frost set.

(Continued on Page 15.)



## WILLYS-KNIGHT Motor Cars

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**"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."**

(Continued from Page 13.)

fairly in, and then there would be skating, and sliding; and the heavy old barges, frozen up somewhere near a wharf, would smoke their rusty iron chimney-pipes all day, and have a lazy time of it.

In one place, there was a great mound of weeds or stubble burning, and they watched the fire, so white in the day-time, flaring through the fog, with only here and there a dash of red in it, until, in consequence as she observed of the smoke "getting up her nose," Miss Slowboy choked—she could do anything of that sort on the smallest provocation—and woke the baby, who couldn't go to sleep again. But Boxer, who was in advance some quarter of a mile or so, had already passed the outskirts of the town, and gained the corner of the street where Caleb and his daughter lived; and long before they had reached the door, he and the blind girl were on the pavement waiting to receive them.

Boxer, by the way, made certain delicate distinctions of his own, in his communication with Bertha, which persuaded her fully that he knew her to be blind. He never sought to attract her attention by looking at her, as he often did with other people, but touched her invariably. What experience he could ever have had of blind people or blind dogs, I don't know. He had never lived with a blind master; nor had Mr. Boxer the elder, nor Mrs. Boxer, nor any of his respectable family on either side, ever been visited with blindness, that I am aware of. He may have found it out for himself, perhaps, but he had got hold of it somehow; and therefore he had hold of Bertha too, by the skirt, and kept hold, until Mrs. Peerybingle and the baby, and Miss Slowboy, and the basket, were all got safely within doors.

May Fielding was already come; and so was her mother—a little querulous chip of an old lady with a peevish face, who, in right of having preserved a waist like a bedpost, was supposed to be a most transcendent figure; and who, in consequence of having once been better off, or of labouring under an impression which she might have been, if something had happened which never did happen, and seemed to have never been particularly likely to come to pass—but it's all the same—was very genteel and patronising indeed. Gruff and Tackleton was also there, doing the agreeable, with the evident sensation of being as perfectly at home

and as unquestionably in his own element, as a fresh young salmon on the top of the Great Pyramid.

"May! My dear old friend!" cried Dot, running up to meet her. "What a happiness to see you!"

Her old friend was, to the full, as hearty and as glad as she; and it really was, if you'll believe me, quite a pleasant sight to see them embrace. Tackleton was a man of taste, beyond all question. May was very pretty.

You know sometimes, when you are used to a pretty face, how, when it comes into contact and comparison with another pretty face, it seems for the moment to be homely and faded, and hardly to deserve the high opinion you have had of it. Now, this was not at all the case, either with Dot or May; for May's face set off Dot's, and Dot's face set off May's, so naturally and agreeably that, as John Peerybingle was very near saying when he came into the room, they ought to have been born sisters—which was the only improvement you could have suggested.

Tackleton had brought his leg of mutton, and, wonderful to relate, a tart besides—but we don't mind a little dissipation when our brides are in the case; we don't get married every day—and in addition to these dainties there were the veal-and-ham pie, and "things," as Mrs. Peerybingle called them: which were chiefly nuts and oranges, and cakes, and such small deer. When the repast was set forth on the board, flanked by Caleb's contribution, which was a great wooden bowl of smoking potatoes (he was prohibited, by solemn compact, from producing any other viands), Tackleton led his intended mother-in-law to the post of honour. For the better gracing of this place at the high festival, the majestic old soul had adorned herself with a cap, calculated to inspire the thoughtless with sentiments of awe. She also wore her gloves. But let us be genteel, or die!

Caleb sat next to his daughter; Dot and her old school-fellow were side by side; the good carrier took care of the bottom of the table. Miss Slowboy was isolated, for the time being, from every article of furniture but the chair she sat on, that she might have nothing else to knock the baby's head against.

As Tilly stared about her at the dolls and toys, they stared at her and at the company. The venerable old gentlemen at the street doors (who were all in full action) showed especial interest in the party, pausing occasionally before leaving, as if they were listening to the conversation, and then plunging wildly over and over, a great many times, without halting for

breath—as in a frantic state of delight with the whole proceedings.

Certainly, if these old gentlemen were inclined to have fiendish joy in the contemplation of Tackleton's discomfiture, they had good reason to be satisfied. Tackleton couldn't get on at all; and the more cheerful his intended bride became in Dot's society, the less he liked it, though he had brought them together for that purpose. For he was a regular dog in the manger, was Tackleton; and when they laughed, and he couldn't, he took it into his head, immediately, that they must be laughing at him. "Ah, May!" said Dot. "Dear, dear, what changes! To talk of those merry school-days makes one young again."

"Why, you ain't particularly old, at any time; are you?" said Tackleton.

"Look at my sober, plodding husband there," returned Dot. "He adds twenty years to my age at least. Don't you, John?"

"Fifty," John replied.

"How many years'll add to May's? I am sure I don't know," said Dot, laughing. "But she can't be much less than a hundred years of age on her next birthday."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tackleton. Hollow as a drum, that laugh though. And he looked as if he could have twisted Dot's neck, comfortably.

"Dear, dear!" said Dot. "Only to remember how we used to talk, at school, about the husbands we would choose. I don't know how young, and how handsome, and how gay, and how lively, mine was not to be! Any as to May's—Ah, dear! I don't know whether to laugh or cry, when I think what silly girls we were."

May seemed to know which to do; for the colour flashed into her face, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Even the very persons themselves—real live young men—we fixed on sometimes," said Dot. "We little thought how things would come about. I never fixed on John, I'm sure; I never so much as thought of him. And if I had told you, you were ever to be married, to Mr. Tackleton, why you'd have slapped me. Wouldn't you, May?"

"Though May didn't say yes, she certainly didn't say no, or express no, by any means."

Tackleton laughed—quite shouted, he laughed so loud. John Peerybingle laughed too, in his ordinary good-natured and contented manner; but his was a mere whisper of a laugh, to Tackleton's.

"You couldn't help yourselves, for all that. You couldn't resist us, you see," said Tackleton. "Here we are! Here we are! Where are your gay young bridegrooms now?"

"Some of them are dead," said Dot; "and some of them forgotten. Some of them, if they could stand among us at this moment, would not believe we were the same creatures; would not believe that what they saw and heard was real, and we could forget them so. Ho! they would not believe one word of it!"

"Why, Dot?" exclaimed the carrier. "Little woman!"

She had spoken with such earnestness and fire, that she stood in need of some recalling to herself, without doubt. Her husband's cheek was very gentle, for he merely interferred, as he supposed, to shield old Tackleton; but it proved effectual, for she stopped, and said no more. There was an uncommon agitation, even in her silence, which the wary Tackleton, who had brought his half-shut eye to bear upon her, noted closely, and remembered to some purpose too.

May uttered no word, good or bad, but sat quite still, with her eyes cast down, and made no sign of interest in what had passed. The good lady's mother now interposed, observing, in the first instance, that girls were girls, and bygones bygones, and that so long as young people were young and thoughtful, they would probably conduct themselves like young and thoughtful persons, with two or three other positions of a no less sound and incontrovertible character. She then remarked, in a devout spirit, that she thanked Heaven she had always found in her daughter May, a dutiful and obedient child; for which she took no credit to herself, though she had every reason to believe it was entirely owing to herself. With regard to Mr. Tackleton she said, that he was in a moral point of view an undeniable individual; and that he was in an eligible point of view a son-in-law to be desired, no one in their senses could doubt. (She was very emphatic here.)

With regard to the family into which he was so soon about to alter some solicitation, to be admitted, she believed Mr. Tackleton knew that, although reduced in purse, it had some pretensions to gentility; and that if certain circumstances, not wholly unconnected, she would go so far as to say, with the indigo trade, but to which she would not more particularly refer, had happened differently, it might perhaps have been in possession of wealth. She then remarked that she would not allude to the past, and would not mention that her daughter had for some time rejected the suit of Mr. Tackleton; and that she would not say a great many other things which she did not say, at great length. Finally, she delivered it as the general result of her observation and experience, that those marriages

in which there was least of what was romantically and silly called love, were always the happiest; and that she anticipated the greatest possible amount of bliss—not rapturous bliss; but the solid, steady-going article—from the approaching nuptials. She concluded by informing the company that to-morrow was the day she had lived for, expressly; and that when it was over, she would desire nothing better than to be packed up and disposed of, in any genteel place of burial.

As these remarks were quite unanswerable—which is the happy property of all remarks that are sufficient, by wide of the purpose—they changed the current of the conversation, and diverted the general attention to the veal-and-ham pie, the cold mutton, the potatoes, and the tart. In order that the bottled beer might not be slighted, John Peerybingle proposed to-morrow—the wedding day; and called upon them to drink a bumper to it, before he proceeded on his journey.

For you ought to know that he only rested there, and gave the old horse a bait. He had to go some four or five miles farther on; and when he returned in the evening, he called for Dot, and took another rest on his way home. This was the order of the day on all the picnic occasions, and had been ever since their institution.

There were two persons present, besides the bride and bridegroom elect, who did but indifferent honour to the toast. One of these was Dot, too flushed and discomposed to adapt herself to any small occurrence of the moment; the other, Bertha, who rose up hurriedly, before the rest, and left the table.

"Good-bye," said stout John Peerybingle, pulling on his dreadnought coat. "I shall be back at the old time. Good-bye, all!"

"Good-bye, John," returned Caleb. He seemed to say it by rote, and to wave his hand in the same unconscious manner; for he stood observing Bertha with an anxious, wondering face, that never altered its expression.

"Good-bye, young shaver!" said the jolly carrier, bending down to kiss the child; which Tilly Slowboy, now intent upon her knife and fork, had deposited asleep (and strange to say, without damage) in a little cot of Bertha's furnishing; "good-bye! Time will come, I suppose, when you'll turn out into the cold, my little friends; and leave your old father to enjoy his pipe and his rheumatics in the chimney-corner; eh? Where's Dot?"

"I'm here, John," she said, starting.

"Come, come!" returned the carrier, clapping his sounding hands. "Where's the pipe?"

"I quite forgot the pipe, John." "Forgot the pipe! Was such a wonder ever heard of? She! Forgot the pipe!"

"I'll—I'll fill it directly. It's soon done."

But it was not so soon done, either. It lay in the usual place—the carrier's great pocket—with the little pouch, her own work, from which she was used to fill it; but her hand shook so, that she entangled it (and yet her hand was small enough to have come out easily, I am sure), and bungled terribly. The filling of the pipe and lighting it—those little offices in which I have commended her discretion—were vilely done, from first to last. During the whole process, Tackleton stood looking on maliciously with the half-closed eye; which, whenever it met hers—or caught it, for it can hardly be said to have ever met another eye, rather being a kind of trap to snatch it up—augmented her confusion in a most remarkable degree.

"Why, what a clumsy Dot you are, this afternoon!" said John. "I could have done it better myself. I verily believe!"

With these good-natured words, he strode away, and presently was heard, in company with Boxer, and the old horse, and the cart, making lively music down the road. What time the dreamy Caleb still stood, watching his blind daughter, with the same expression on his face.

"Bertha!" said Caleb softly. "What has happened? How changed you are, my darling, in a few hours—since this morning. You silent and dull all day! What is it? Tell me!"

"Oh, father, father!" cried the blind girl, bursting into tears. "Oh, my hard, hard fate!"

Caleb drew his hand across his eyes before he answered her.

"But think how cheerful and how happy you have been, Bertha! How good, and how much loved, by many people."

"That strikes me to the heart, dear father! Always so mindful of me! Always so kind to me!"

Caleb was very much perplexed to understand her.

"To be—to be blind, Bertha, my poor dear," he faltered, "is a great affliction; but—"

"I have never felt it!" cried the blind girl. "I have never felt it, in its fullness. Never! I have sometimes wished that I could see you, or could see him—only once, dear father, only for one little minute—that I might know what it is I treat

sure up"—she laid her hands upon her breast—"and hold here! That I might be sure I have it right! And sometimes (but then I was a child) I have wept, in my prayers at night, to think that when your images ascended from my heart to heaven, they might not be the true resemblance of yourselves. But I have never had these feelings long. They have passed away, and left me tranquil and contented."

"And they will again," said Caleb. "But, father! oh, my good, gentle father, bear with me, if I am wicked!" said the blind girl. "This is not the sorrow that so weights me down!"

Her father could not choose but let his moist eyes overflow; she was so earnest and pathetic. But he did not understand her yet.

"Bring her to me," said Bertha. "I cannot hold it closed and shut within myself. Bring her to me, father!"

She knew he hesitated, and said, "May. Bring May!"

May heard the mention of her name, and coming quietly towards her, touched her on the arm. "The blind girl turned immediately, and held her by both hands."

"Look into my face, dear heart, sweet heart!" said Bertha. "Read it with your beautiful eyes, and tell me if the truth is written on it."

"Dear Bertha, yes!"

The blind girl still, upturning the blank, sightless face, down which the tears were coursing fast, addressed her in these words:—

"There is not, in my soul, a wish or thought that is not for your good, bright May! There is not, in my soul, a grateful recollection stronger than the deep remembrance which is stored there, of the many, many times when, in the full pride of sight and beauty, you have had consideration for blind Bertha, even when we two were children, or when Bertha was as much a child as ever blindness can be! Every blessing on your head! Light upon your happy course! Not the less, my dear May—and she drew towards her, in a closer grasp—"not the less, my bird, because, to-day, the knowledge that you are to be his wife has wrung my heart almost to breaking. Father, May, May! oh, forgive me that it is so, for the sake of all he has done to relieve the weariness of my dark life; and for the sake of the belief you have in me, when I call Heaven to witness that I could not wish him married to a wife more worthy of his goodness!"

(Continued on Page 17.)

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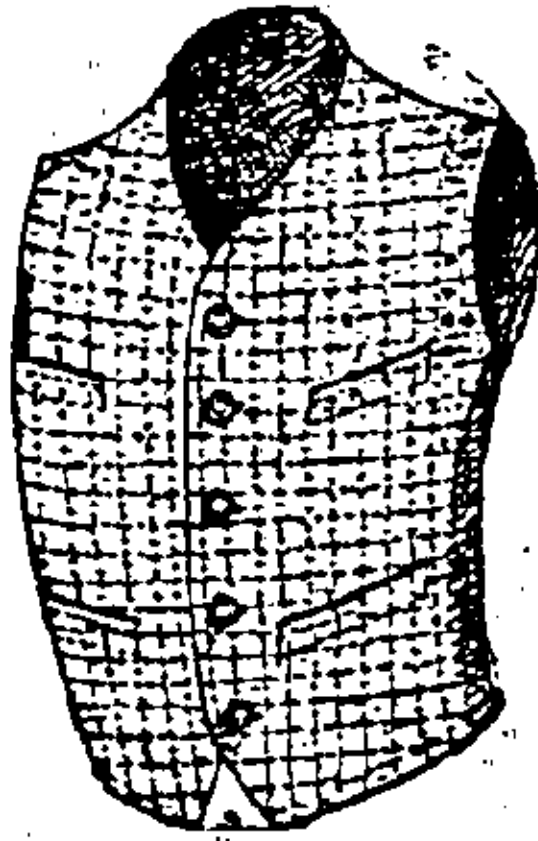


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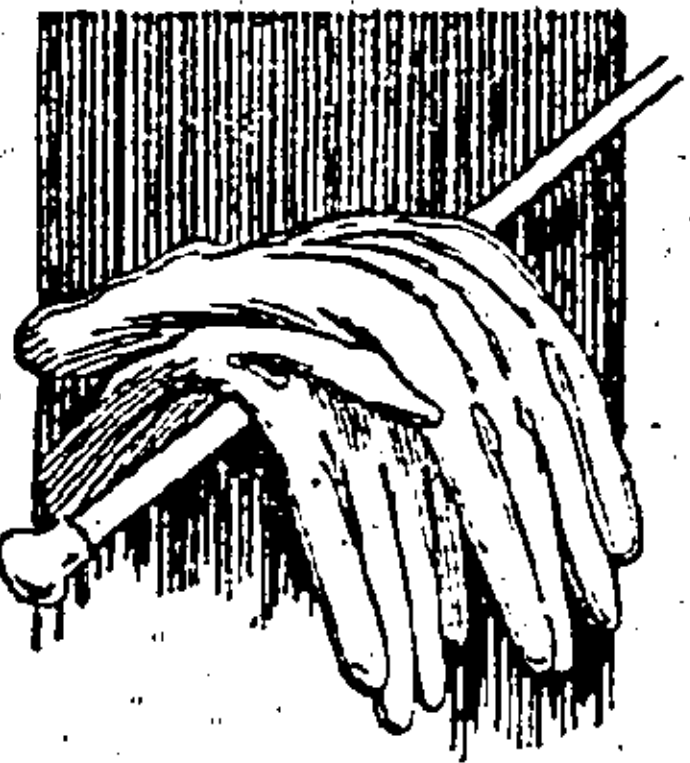


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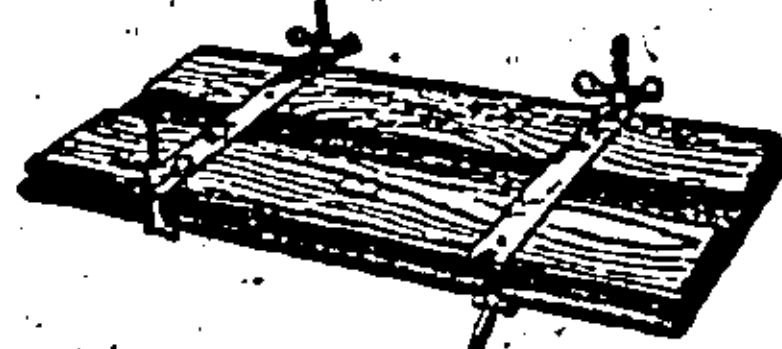
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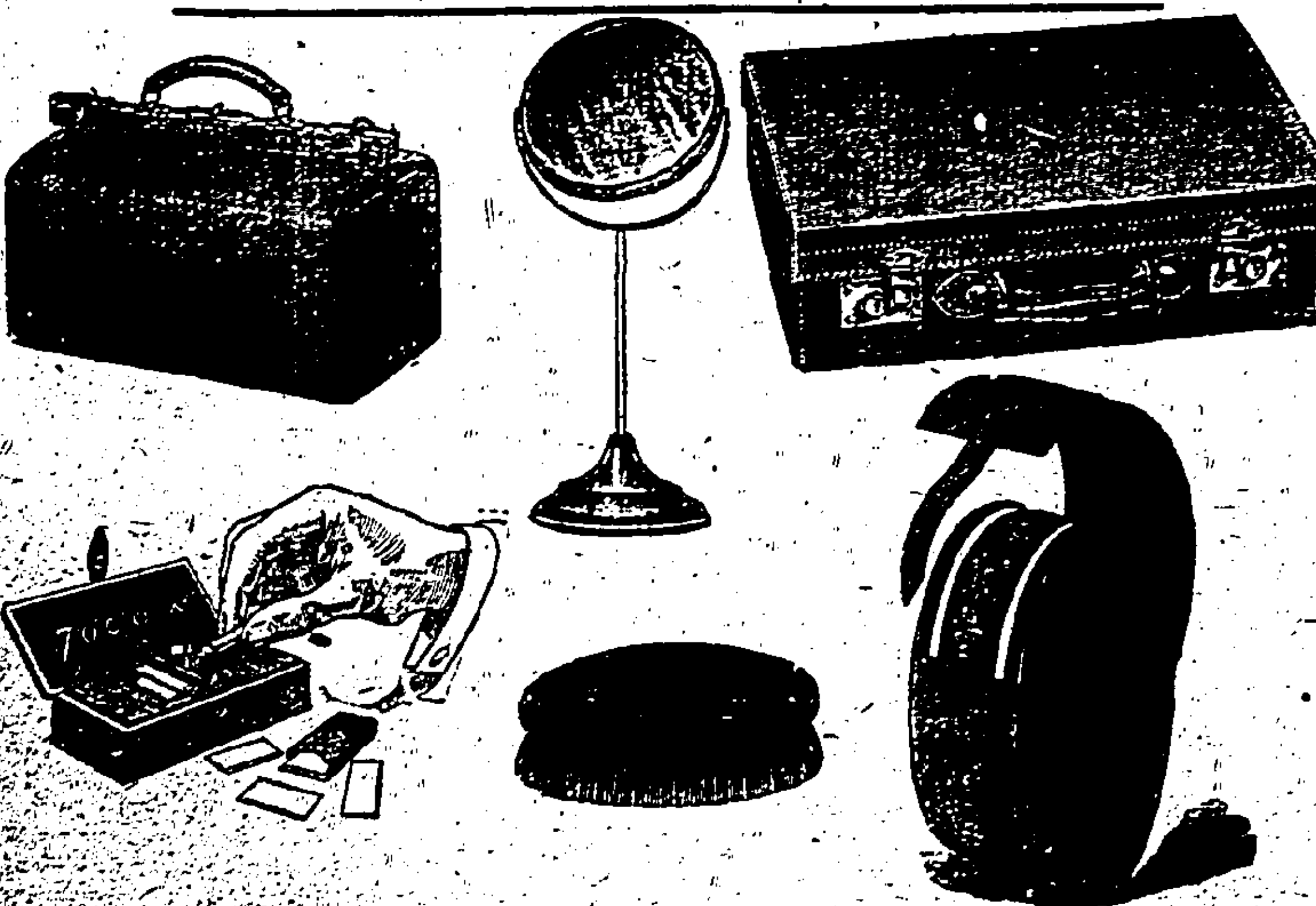
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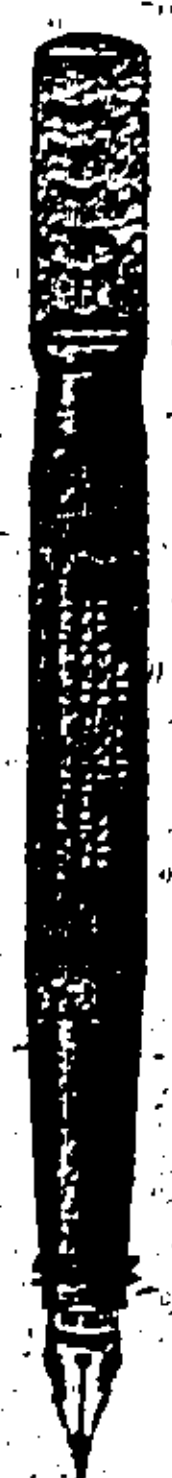
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## GENTLEMEN'S

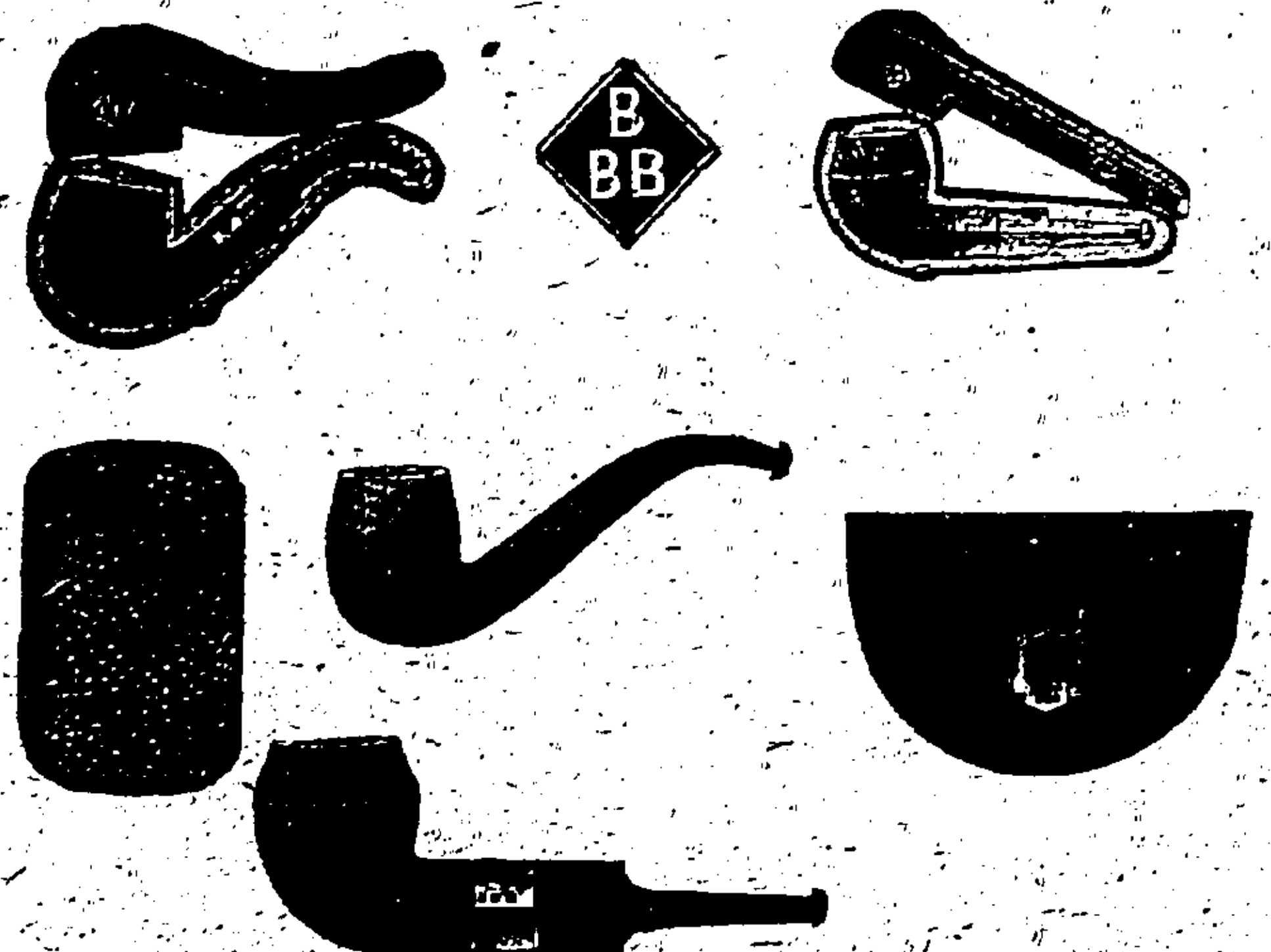


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## HABERDASHERY



# WHITEAWAY LAIDLAW & Co., Ltd



## "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

(Continued from Page 15.)

While speaking, she had released May Fielding's hands, and clasped her garments in an attitude of mingled supplication and love. Sinking lower and lower down, as she proceeded in her strange confession, she dropped at last at the feet of her friend, and hid her blind face in the folds of his dress.

"Great Power!" exclaimed her father, smitten at one blow with the truth, "have I deceived her from the cradle, but to break her heart at last!"

It was well for all of them that Dot, that beaming, useful, busy little Dot—for such she was, whatever faults she had, and however you may learn to hate her, in good time—it was well for all of them, I say, that she was there, or where this would have ended it were hard to tell. But Dot, recovering her self-possession, interposed, before May could reply, or Caleb say another word.

"Come, come, dear Bertha! come away with me! Give her your arm, May. So! How composed she is, you see, already; and how good it is of her to mind us," said the cheery little woman, kissing her upon the forehead. "Come away, dear Bertha. Come! and here's her good father will come with her; won't you, Caleb? To—be—sure!"

Well, well! she was a noble little Dot in such things, and it must have been an obdurate nature that could have withstood her influence. When she had got poor Caleb and his Bertha away, that they might comfort and console each other, as she knew they only could, she presently came bounding back—the saying is, as fresh as any daisy; I say fresher—to mount guard over that bridle little piece of consequence in the cap and gloves and prevent the dear old creature from making discoveries.

"So bring me the precious baby, Tilly," said she, drawing a chair to the fire; "and while I have it in my lap, here's Mrs. Fielding, Tilly, will tell me all about the management of babies, and put me right in twenty points where I'm as wrong as can be. Won't you, Mrs. Fielding?"

Not even the Welsh giant, who, according to the popular expression, was so "slow" as to perform a fatal surgical operation upon himself, in emulation of a juggling trick achieved by his arch-enemy at breakfast-time—not even he fell half so readily into the snare prepared for him, as the old lady into this artful piffal. The fact of Tackleton having walked out and furthermore, of two or three people having been talking together at a distance, for two minutes, leaving her to her own resources, was quite enough to have put her on her dignity, and the bewailment of that mysterious convulsion in the indigo trade, for four-and-twenty hours. But this becoming deference to her experience, on the part of the young mother, was so irresistible, that after a short affectation of humility, she began to enlighten her with the best grace in the world; and sitting bolt upright before the wicked Dot, she did, in half an hour, deliver more infallible domestic recipes and precepts, that would (if acted on) have utterly destroyed and done up that young Peerybingle, though he had been an infant Samson.

To change the theme, Dot did a little needlework—she carried the contents of a whole workbox in her pocket; however she contrived it, I don't know—then did a little nursing; then had a little needlework; then had a little whispering chat with May, while the old lady dozed; and so in quite his manner always, found it a very short afternoon. Then, as it grew dark, and as it was so solemn part of this institution of all Bertha's household tasks, she trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, and set the tea-board out, and drew the curtain, and lighted a candle. Then she played an air or two on a rude kind of harp, which Caleb had contrived for Bertha, and played them very well; for Nature had made her delicate little ear as choice a one for music as it would have been for jewels, if she had had any to wear. By this time, it was the established hour for having tea; and Tackleton came back again, to share the meal, and spend the evening.

Caleb and Bertha had returned some time before, and Caleb had sat down to his afternoon's work. But he couldn't settle to it, poor fellow, being anxious and remorseful for his daughter. It was touching to see him sitting idle on his working-stool, regarding her so wistfully, and always saying in his face, "Have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart!"

When it was night, and tea was done, and Dot had nothing more to do in washing up the cups and saucers; in a word—for I must come to it, and there is no use in putting it off—when the time drew near for expecting the carrier's return in every sound of distant wheels, her manner changed again, her colour came and went, and she was very restless. Not as good wives are, when listening for their husbands. No, no, no. It was another sort of restlessness from that.

Wheels heard. A horse's feet. The barking of a dog. The gradual approach of all the sounds. The scratching paw of Boxer at the door! "Whose step is that?" cried Bertha, starting up.

"Whose step?" returned the carrier, standing in the portal, with his brown face ruddy as a winter berry from the keen night air. "Why, mine."

"The other step, said Bertha. 'The man's tread behind you!'" "She is not to be deceived," observed the carrier, laughing. "Come along, sir. You'll be welcome, never fear!"

He spoke in a loud tone; and as he spoke, the deaf old gentleman entered.

"He's not so much a stranger, that you haven't seen him, once," said the carrier. "You'll give him house-room till we go?"

"Oh, surely, John, and take it as an honour."

"He's the best company on earth to talk secrets in," said John. "I have reasonable good lungs, but he tries 'em, I can tell you. Sit down, sir. All friends here, and glad to see you!"

When he had imparted this assurance, in a voice that amply corroborated what he had said about his lungs, he added in his natural tone, "A chair in the chimney-corner, and leave to sit quite silent and look pleasantly about him, is all he cares for. He's easily pleased."

Bertha had been listening intently. She called Caleb to her side, when he had set the chair, and asked him, in a low voice, to describe their visitor. When he had done so (truly now! with scrupulous fidelity), she moved, for the first time since he had come in, and sighed, and seemed to have no further interest concerning him.

The carrier was in high spirits; good fellow that he was, and fonder of his little wife than ever. "Clumsy Dot she was, this afternoon?" he said, encircling her with his rough arm, as she stood, removed from rest; and yet I like her somehow. See yonder, Dot!"

He pointed to the old man. She looked down. I think she trembled. "He's—ha, ha, ha—he's full of admiration for you!" said the carrier. "Talked of nothing else the whole way here. Why, he's a brave old boy. I like him for it!"

"I wish he had had a better subject, John," she said, with an uneasy glance about the room—at Tackleton especially. "A better subject!" cried the jovial John. "There's no such thing. Come! off with the greatcoat, off with the thick shawl, off with the heavy wrappers; and a cosy half-hour by the fire! My humble service mistress. A game at cribbage, you and I? That's hearty. The cards and board, Dot. And a glass of beer here, if there's any left, small wife!"

His challenge was addressed to the old lady, who accepting it with gracious readiness, they were soon engaged upon the game. At first, the carrier looked about him sometimes, with a smile, or now and then called Dot to peep over his shoulder at his hand, and advise him on some knotty point. But his adversary being a rigid disciplinarian, and subject to an occasional weakness in respect of pegging more than she was entitled to, required such vigilance on his part, as left him neither eyes nor ears to spare. Thus his whole attention gradually became absorbed upon the cards; and he thought of nothing else, until a hand upon his shoulder restored him to a consciousness of Tackleton.

"I am sorry to disturb you—but a word, directly."

"I'm going to deal," returned the carrier. "It's a crisis."

"It is," said Tackleton. "Come here, man!"

There was that in his pale face which made the other rise immediately, and ask him, in a hurry, what the matter was.

"Hush! John Peerybingle," said Tackleton. "I am sorry for this. I am indeed. I am indeed. I have been afraid of it. I have suspected it from the first."

"What is it?" asked the carrier with a frightened aspect.

"Hush! I'll show you, if you'll come with me."

The carrier accompanied him, without another word. They went across a yard, where the stars were shining, and by a little side door, into Tackleton's own counting-house, where there was a glass window, commanding the wareroom, which was closed for the night. There was no light in the counting-house itself, but there were lamps in the long narrow wareroom; and consequently the window was bright.

"A moment!" said Tackleton. "Can you bear to look through that window, do you think?"

"Why not?" returned the carrier. "A moment more," said Tackleton. "Don't commit any violence. It's of no use. It's dangerous, too. You're a strong-made man; and you might do murder before you know it."

The carrier looked him in the face, and recoiled a step as if he had been struck. In one stride he was at the window, and he saw—

head to whisper in her ear; and suffering him to clasp her round the waist, as they moved slowly down the dim wooden gallery towards the door by which they had entered. He saw them stop, and saw her turn—to have the face, the face he loved so, so pressed to his view—and saw her with her own hands, adjust the tie upon his head, laughing, as she did it, at his unassuming nature!

He clenched his strong right hand at first, as if it would have beaten down a lion. But opening it immediately again, he spread it out before the eyes of Tackleton (for he was tender of her, even then), and so, as they passed out, fell down upon a desk, and was as weak as any infant.

He was wrapped up to the chin, and busy with his horse and parcel, when she came into the room, prepared for going home.

"Now, John, dear! Good-night, May! Good-night, Bertha!"

Could she kiss them? Could she be blithe and cheerful, in her parting? Could she venture to reveal her face to them without a blush? Yes, Tackleton observed her closely, and she did all this.

Tilly was hushing the baby and she crossed and re-crossed Tackleton, a dozen times, repeating drowsily—"Did the knowledge that it was to be his wives, then, wring his hearts almost to breaking; and did his fathers deceive it from his cradle, but to break his hearts at last?"

"Now, Tilly, give me the baby! Good-night, Mr. Tackleton. Where's John, for goodness' sake?"

"He's going to walk, beside the horse's head," said Tackleton, who helped her to her seat.

"My dear John. Walk? To-night?"

The muffled figure of her husband made a hasty sign in the affirmative; and the false stranger and the little horse moved off. Boxer, the unconscious Boxer, running on before, running back, running round and round the cart, and barking as triumphantly and merrily as ever.

When Tackleton had gone off like-wise, securing May and her mother home, poor Caleb sat down by the fire beside his daughter, anxiously and fearfully at the time, and still saying in his wistful contemplation of her, "Have I deceived her from her cradle, but to break her heart at last!"

The toys that had been set in motion for the baby had all stopped and run down, long ago. In the faint light and silence, the impetuous baby calm dolls, the agitated rocking-horses with distended eyes and nostrils, the old gentlemen at the street doors, standing half-dozed and upon their falling knees, and the wry-faced nut-crackers, the very beasts upon their way into the ark, in two, like a boarding-school out walking, might have been imagined to be stricken motionless with fantastic wonder, at Dot being false, or Tackleton beloved, under any combination of circumstances.

## CHIRP, THE THIRD.

The Dutch clock in the corner struck ten, when the carrier sat down by his fireside. So troubled and grief-worn, that he seemed to scare the cuckoo, who, having cut his ten melodious announcements as short as possible, plunged back into the Moorish palace again, and clapped his little door behind him, as if the unwelcome spectacle were too much for his feelings.

If the little haymaker had been armed with the sharpest of scythes, and had cut at every stroke into the carrier's heart, he never could have gashed and wounded it, as Dot had done.

It was a heart so full of love for her; so bound up and held together by innumerable threads of winning remembrance, spun from the daily working of her many qualities of endearment; it was a heart in which she had enshrined herself so gently and so closely; a heart so single and so earnest in its truth, so strong in right, so weak in wrong; that it could cherish such other passion nor renounce at first, and had only room to hold the broken image of its idol.

But slowly, slowly, as the carrier sat brooding on his hearth, now cold and dark, and other fiercer thoughts began to rise within him, as an angry wind comes rising in the night. The stranger was beneath his outraged roof. Three steps would take him to his chamber-door. One blow would bend it in. "You might do murder before you know it," Tackleton had said. How could it be murder, if he gave the villain time to grapple with him hand to hand! He was the younger man.

It was an ill-timed thought, bad for the dark mood of his mind. It was an avenging act, growing him to some evening act, that should change the cheerful house into a haunted place which lonely travellers would dread to pass by night, and where the timid would see shadows struggling in the ruined windows when the moon was dim, and hear wild noises in the stormy weather.

He was the younger man! Yes, yes; some lover who had won the heart that he did never touched. Some lover of her early youth, of whom she had thought and dreamed, for whom she had pined and pined; when he had fancied her so happy by his side. Oh, a gony to think of it!

She had been above-stairs with the baby, getting it to bed. As he sat brooding on the hearth, she came close beside him, without his knowledge—in the turning of the rack of his great misery, he lost all other sounds—and put her little stool at his feet. He only knew it, when he felt her hand upon his own, and saw her looking up into his face.

With wonder? No. It was his first impression, and he was fain to look at her again, to set it right. No, not with wonder. With an eager, anxious, inquiring look; but not with wonder. At first it was alarmed and serious; then it changed into a strange, wild, dreadful smile of recognition of his thoughts; then there was nothing but her clasped hands on her brow, and her bent head, and falling hair.

Though the power of Omnipotence had been his to wield at that moment, he had too much of its divine property of mercy in his breast, to have turned one feather's weight of it against her. But he could not bear to see her crouching down upon the little seat where he had often looked on her, with love and pride, so innocent and gay; and when she rose and left him, sobbing as she went, he felt it a relief to have the vacant place beside him rather than her so long cherished presence. This in itself was anguish keener than all, reminding him how desolate he was become, and how the great bond of his life was rent asunder.

The more he felt this, and the more he knew he could have better borne to see her lying prematurely dead before him with her little child upon her breast, the higher and the stronger rose his wrath against his enemy. He looked about him for a weapon.

There was a gun hanging on the wall. He took it down, and moved a pace or two towards the door of the perfidious stranger's room. He knew the gun was loaded. Some shadowy idea that it was just to shoot this man like a wild beast, seized him, and dilated in his mind until it grew into a monstrous demon in complete possession of him, casting out all milder thoughts and setting up its undivided empire.

That phrase is wrong. Not casting out his milder thoughts, but artfully transforming them. Changing them into scourges to drive him on. Turning water into blood, love into hate, gentleness into blind ferocity. Her image, sorrowing, humbled, but still pleading to his tenderness and mercy with resistless power, never left his mind; but, staying there, it urged him to the door; raised the weapon to his shoulder, fitted and nerved his finger to the trigger; and cried, "Kill him! In his bed!"

He reversed the gun to beat the stock upon the door; he already held it lifted in the air: some indistinct design was in his thoughts of calling out to him to fly, for God's sake, by the window—

When, suddenly the struggling fire illumined the whole chimney with a glow of light; and the cricket on the hearth began to chirp!

No sound he could have heard, no human voice, not even hers, could so have moved and softened him. The artless words in which she had told him of her love for this same cricket, were once more freshly spoken; her trembling, earnest manner at the moment, was again before him; her pleasant voice—oh, what a voice it was, for making household music at the fireside of an honest man!—thrilled through his better nature, and awoke it into life and action.

He recoiled from the door, like a man waking in his sleep, awakened from a frightful dream; and put the gun aside. Clapping his hands before his face, he then sat down again beside the fire, and found relief in tears.

The cricket on the hearth came out into the room, and stood in fairy shape before him.

"I love it," said the fairy voice, repeating what he well remembered, "for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me."

"She said so!" cried the carrier.

"True!"

"This has been a happy home, John; and I love the cricket for its sake!"

"It has been, Heaven knows," returned the carrier. "She made it happy, always—until now."

"So gracefully sweet-tempered; so domestic, joyful, busy, and light-hearted!" said the voice.

"Otherwise I never could have loved her as I did," returned the carrier.

The voice, correcting him, said "Do."

He repeated, "As I did." But not firmly. His faltering tongue resisted his control, and spoke in its own way for itself and him.

The figure, in an attitude of invocation, raised its hand and said—"Upon your own hearth—"

"The hearth she has blighted," interposed the carrier.

"The hearth she has—how often!—blessed and brightened," said the cricket; "the hearth which, but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and rusty bars, but which has been, through her, the altar of your home; on which you have nightly sacrificed some petty passion, selfishness, or care, and offered up the homage of a tranquil mind, a trusting nature, and an overflowing heart; so that the smoke from this

poor chimney has gone upward with a better fragrance than the richest incense that is burned before the richest shrines in all the gaudy temples of this world!—Upon your own hearth; in its quiet sanctuary, surrounded by its gentle influence and associations; hear her! Here me! Hear everything that speaks the language of your hearth and home!"

"And pleads for her?" inquired the carrier.

"All things that speak the language of your hearth and home must plead for her!" returned the cricket. "For they speak the truth."

And while the carrier, with his head upon his hands, continued to sit meditating in his chair, the presence stood beside him, suggesting his reflections by its power, and presenting them before him, as in a glass or picture. From the hearthstone, from the chimney, from the clock, from the pipe, the kettle, and the cradle, from the floor, the walls, the ceiling, and the stairs; from the cart without, and the cupboard within, and the household implements; from everything and every place with which she had ever been familiar, and with which she had ever entwined one recollection of herself in her unhappy husband's mind; fancies came trooping forth. Not to stand beside him as the cricket did, but to busy and bestir themselves. To do him honour to her image. To pull him by the skirts, and point to it when it appeared. To cluster round it, and embrace it, and strew flowers for it to tread on. To try to crown its fair head with their tiny hands. To show that they were fond of it and loved it; and that there was not one ugly, wicked, or accusatory creature to claim knowledge of it—none but their playful and approving selves.

His thoughts were constant to her image. It was always there. She sat playing her needle, before the fire, and singing to herself. Such a blithe, thriving, steady little Dot! The fairy figures turned upon him all at once, by one consent, with one prodigious concentrated stare, and seemed to say, "Is this the light wife you are mourning for?"

There were sounds of gaiety outside—musical instruments, and noisy tongues, and laughter. A crowd of young merry-makers came pouring in, among whom were May Fielding and a score of "wretches." Dot was the fairest of them all; as young as any of them too. They came to summon her to their party. It was a dance. If ever little foot were made for dancing, hers was surely. But she laughed, and shook her head, and pointed to her cookery on the fire, and her table ready spread, with an exulting defiance that rendered her more charming than she was before. And so she merrily dismissed them, nodding to her would-be partners, one by one, as they passed out, with a comical indifference, enough to make them go and drown themselves immediately if they were her admirers—and they must have been so, more or less; they couldn't help it. And yet indifference was not her character. Oh, no! For, presently, there came a certain carrier to the door; and bless her, what a welcome she bestowed upon him!

Again the staring figures turned upon him all at once, and seemed to say, "Is this the wife who has forsaken you?"

A shadow fell upon the mirror, or the picture—call it what you will. A great shadow of the stranger, as he first stood underneath their roof; covering its surface, and blotting out all other objects. But the nimble fairies worked like bees to clear it off again; and Dot again was there. Still bright and beautiful.

Rocking her little baby in its cradle, singing to it softly, and resting her head upon a shoulder which had its counterpart in the musing figure by which the fairy cricket stood.

The night—I mean the real night; not going by fairy clock—was wearing now; and in this stage of the carrier's thoughts, the moon burst out, and shone brightly in the sky. Perhaps some calm and quiet light had risen also, in his mind; and he could think more soberly of what had happened.

Although the shadow of the stranger fell at intervals upon the glass—always distinct, and big, and thoroughly defined—it never fell so darkly as at first. Whenever it appeared, the fairies uttered a general cry of consternation, and plied their little arms and legs, with inconceivable activity, to rub it out. And whenever they got at Dot again, and showed her to him once more, bright and beautiful, they cheered in the most inspiring manner.

They never showed her otherwise than beautiful and bright, for they were household spirits to whom falsehood is abomination; and being so, what Dot was there for them, but the one active, beaming, pleasant little creature, who had been the light and sun of the carrier's home!

The fairies were prodigiously excited when they showed her, with the baby gossling among a knot of sage old matrons, and affecting to be wondrous old and matronly herself, and leaning in a staid, demure old way upon her husband's arm, and tempting—ahel such a bid of a little woman—to convey the idea of having abjured the vanities of the world in general, and of being the sort of person to whom it was no novelty at all to be a mother: yet in the same breath they showed her, laughing at the carrier for being awkward, and

pulling up his shirt-collar to make him smart, and miming merrily about that very room to teach him how to dance!

They turned, and stared immensely at him when they showed her with the blind girl; for, though she carried cheerfulness and animation with her, wheresoever she went, she bore those influences into Caleb Plummer's home, heaped up and running over. The blind girl's love for her, and trust in her, and gratitude to her; her own good, busy way of setting Bertha's thanks aside; her dexterous little arts for filling up each moment of the visit in doing something useful to the house, and really working hard while feigning to make holiday; her bountiful provision of those standing delicacies, the veal-and-ham pie and the bottles of beer; radiant little face arriving at the door, and taking leave; the wonderful expression in her whole self, from her neat foot to the crown of her head, of being a part of the establishment—a something necessary to it, which it couldn't be without; all this the fairies revelled in, and loved her for. And once again they looked upon him all at once, appealingly, and seemed to say, while some among them, nestled in her dress and fondled her, "Is this the wife who has betrayed your confidence?"

More than once, or twice, thrice, in the long thoughtful night, they showed her to him sitting on her favourite seat, with her bent head, her hands clasped on her brow, her falling hair. As he had seen her last. And when they found her thus, they neither turned nor looked upon him, but gathered close round her, and comforted and kissed her, and pressed on one another to show sympathy and kindness to her, and forgot him altogether.

Thus the night passed. The moon went down; the stars grew pale; the cold day broke; the sun rose. The carrier still sat, musing, in the chimney-corner. He had sat there with head upon his hands, all night. All night the faithful cricket had been chirping on the hearth. All night he had listened to its voice. All night the household fairies had been busy with him. All night she had been amiable and blameless in his glass, except when that one shadow fell upon it.

He rose up when it was broad day, and washed and dressed himself. He couldn't go about his customary cheerful avocations—he wanted spirit for them—but it mattered the less, that it was Tackleton's wedding-day, and he had arranged to make his rounds by proxy. He had thought to have gone merrily to church with Dot. But such plans were at an end. It was their own wedding-day too. Ah! how little he had looked for such a close to such a year!

The carrier expected that Tackleton would pay him an early visit; and he was right. He had not walked to and fro before his own door many minutes, when he saw the toy-merchant coming in his chaise along the road. As the chaise drew nearer, he perceived that Tackleton was dressed out sprucely for his marriage, and that he had decorated his horse's head with flowers and favours.

The horse looked much more like a bridegroom than Tackleton, whose half-closed eye was more disagreeably expressive than ever. But the carrier took little heed of this. His thoughts had other occupation.

"John Peerybingle!" said Tackleton, with an air of condolence. "My good fellow, how do you find yourself this morning?"

"I have had but a poor night, Mr. Tackleton," returned the carrier, shaking his head; "for I have been a good deal disturbed in my mind. But it's over now! Can you spare me half an hour or so, for some private talk?"

"I came on purpose," returned Tackleton, alighting. "Never mind the horse. He'll stand quiet enough, with the reins over this post, if you'll give him a mouthful of hay."

The carrier having brought it from the stable and set it before him, they turned into the house.

"You are not married before noon," he said, "I think?"

"No," answered Tackleton. "Plenty of time. Plenty of time."

When they entered the kitchen, Tilly Slowboy was rapping at the stranger's door; which was only removed from it by a few steps. One of her very red eyes (for Tilly had been crying all night long, because mistress cried) was at the keyhole; and she was knocking very loud; and seemed frightened.

"If you please I can't make nobody hear," said Tilly, looking round. "I hope nobody ain't gone and been and died if you please!"

This philanthropic wish, Miss Slowbody emphasised with various raps and kicks at the door; which led to no result whatever.

"Shall I go?" said Tackleton. "It's curious."

The carrier, who had turned his face from the door, signed to him to go if he would.

So Tackleton went to Tilly Slowboy's relief, and he too looked and knocked; and he too failed to get the least reply. But he thought of trying the handle of the door; and as it opened easily, he peeped in, looked in, went in, and soon came running out again.

"John Peerybingle," said Tackleton, in his ear. "I hope there has

been nothing—nothing rash in that night?"

"The carrier turned upon him quickly. "Because he's gone!" said Tackleton. "I don't see any marks: to be sure it's almost on a level with the garden; but I was afraid there might have been some—some scuffle. Eh?"

He nearly shut up the expressive eye, altogether; he looked at him so hard. And he gave his eye, and his face, and his whole person, a sharp twist. As if he would have screwed the truth out of him.

"Make yourself easy," said the carrier. "He went into that room last night, without harm in word or deed from me, and no one has entered since. He is away of his own free will. I'd go out gladly at that door, and beg my bread from house to house, for life, if I could so change the past that he had never come. But he has come and gone. And I have done with him!"

"Oh—Well, I think he has got off pretty easy," said Tackleton, taking a chair.

The sneer was lost upon the carrier, who sat down to tea, and shaded his face with his hand, for some little time, before proceeding.

"You showed me last night," he said at length, "my wife: my wife that I love; secretly—"

"And tenderly," insinuated Tackleton.

"Conniving at that man's disguise, and giving him opportunities of meeting her alone. I think there's no sight I wouldn't have rather seen than that. I think there's no man in the world I wouldn't have rather had to show it me."

"I confess to having had my suspicions always," said Tackleton. "And that has made me objectionable here, I know."

"But as you did show it me," pursued the carrier, not minding him: "and as you saw her—my wife—my wife that I love," his voice, and eye, and hand, grew steeper and firmer as he repeated these words; evidently in pursuance of a steadfast purpose—"as you saw her in this disadvantage, it is right and just that you should also see with my eyes, and look—"

My secret, and know what my mind is, upon the subject. For it's settled," said the carrier, regarding him attentively. "And nothing can shake it now."

Tackleton muttered a few general words of assent, about its being necessary to vindicate something or other; but he was overawed by the manner of his companion. Plain and unadorned as it was, it had a something dignified and noble in it, which nothing but the soul of generous honour dwelling in the man could have imparted.

"I am a plain, rough man," pursued the carrier, "with very little to recommend me. I am not a clever man, as you very well know. I am not a young man. I loved my little Dot, because I had seen her grow up, from a child, in her father's house; because I knew how precious she was; because she had been my life, for years and years. There's many men I can't compare with who never could have loved my little Dot like me, I think!"

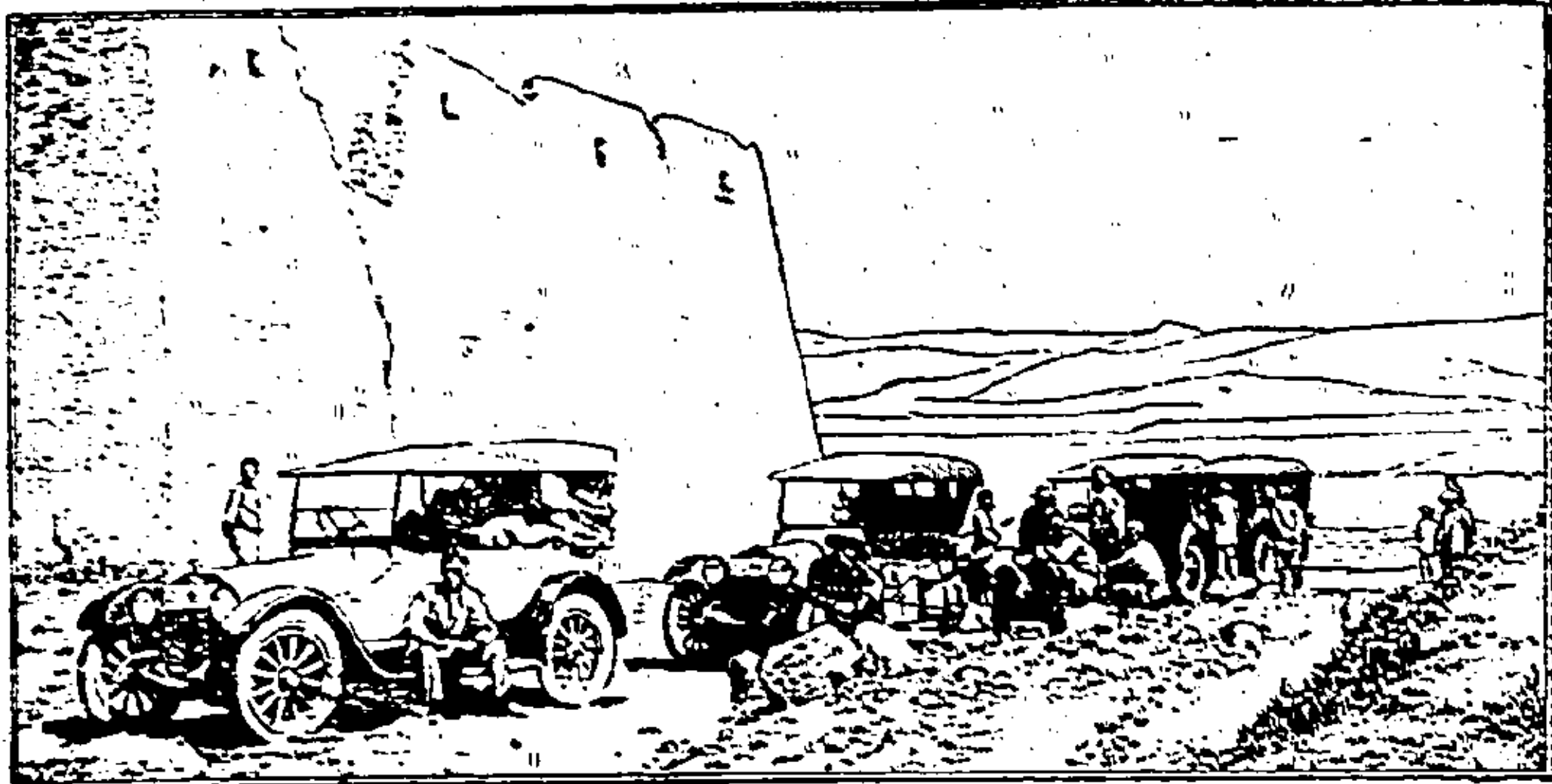
He paused, and softly beat the ground a short time with his foot, before resuming—

"I often thought that though I wasn't good enough for her, I should make her a kind husband, and perhaps know her value better than another; and in this way I reconciled it to myself, and came to think it might be possible that we should be married. And in the end, it came about, and we were married."

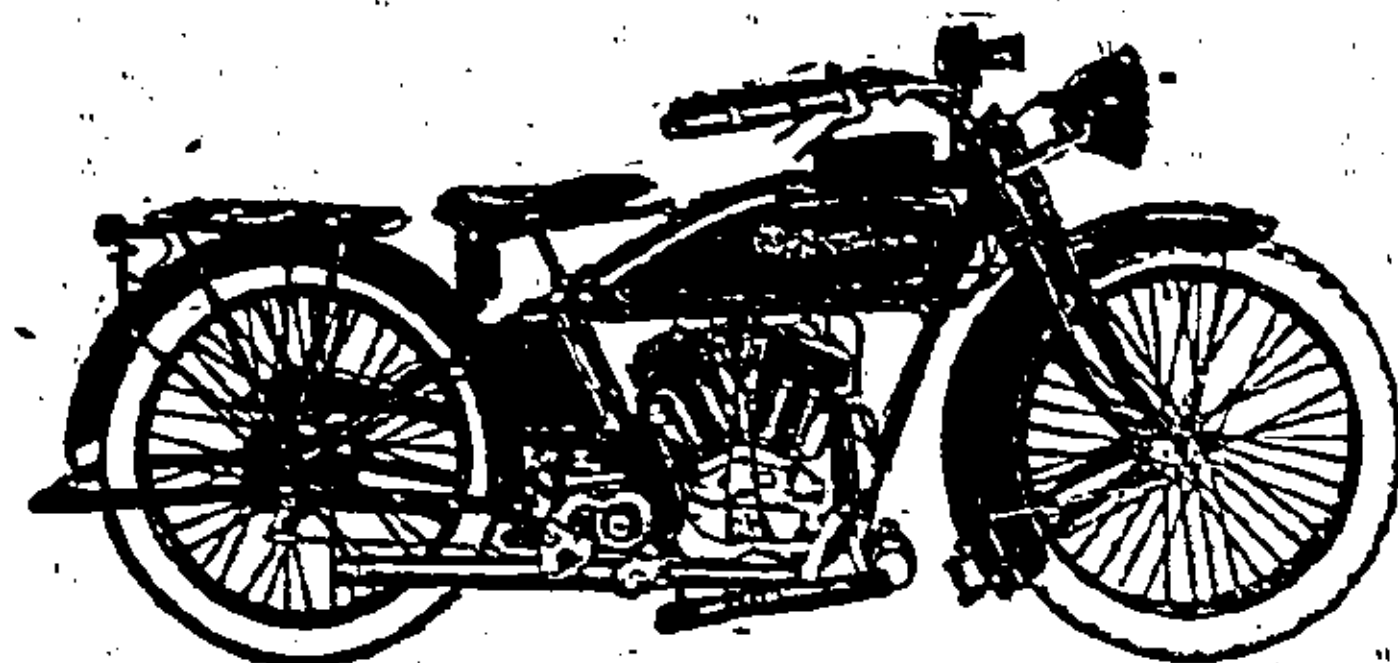
"Hah!" said Tackleton, with a significant shake of his head.

"I had studied myself; I had had experience of myself; I knew how much I loved her, and how happy I should be," pursued the carrier. "But I had not—I feel it now—sufficiently considered her."





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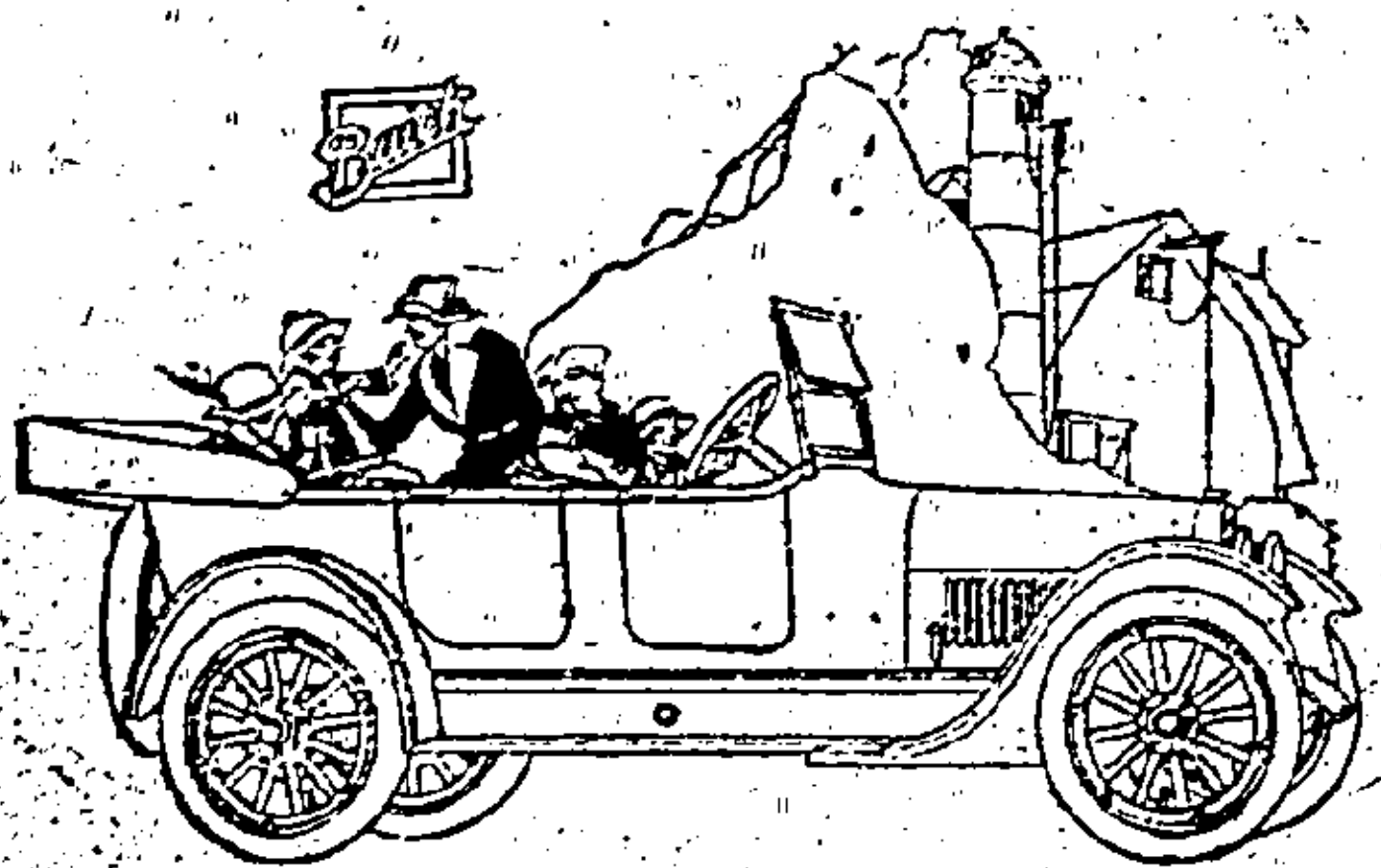
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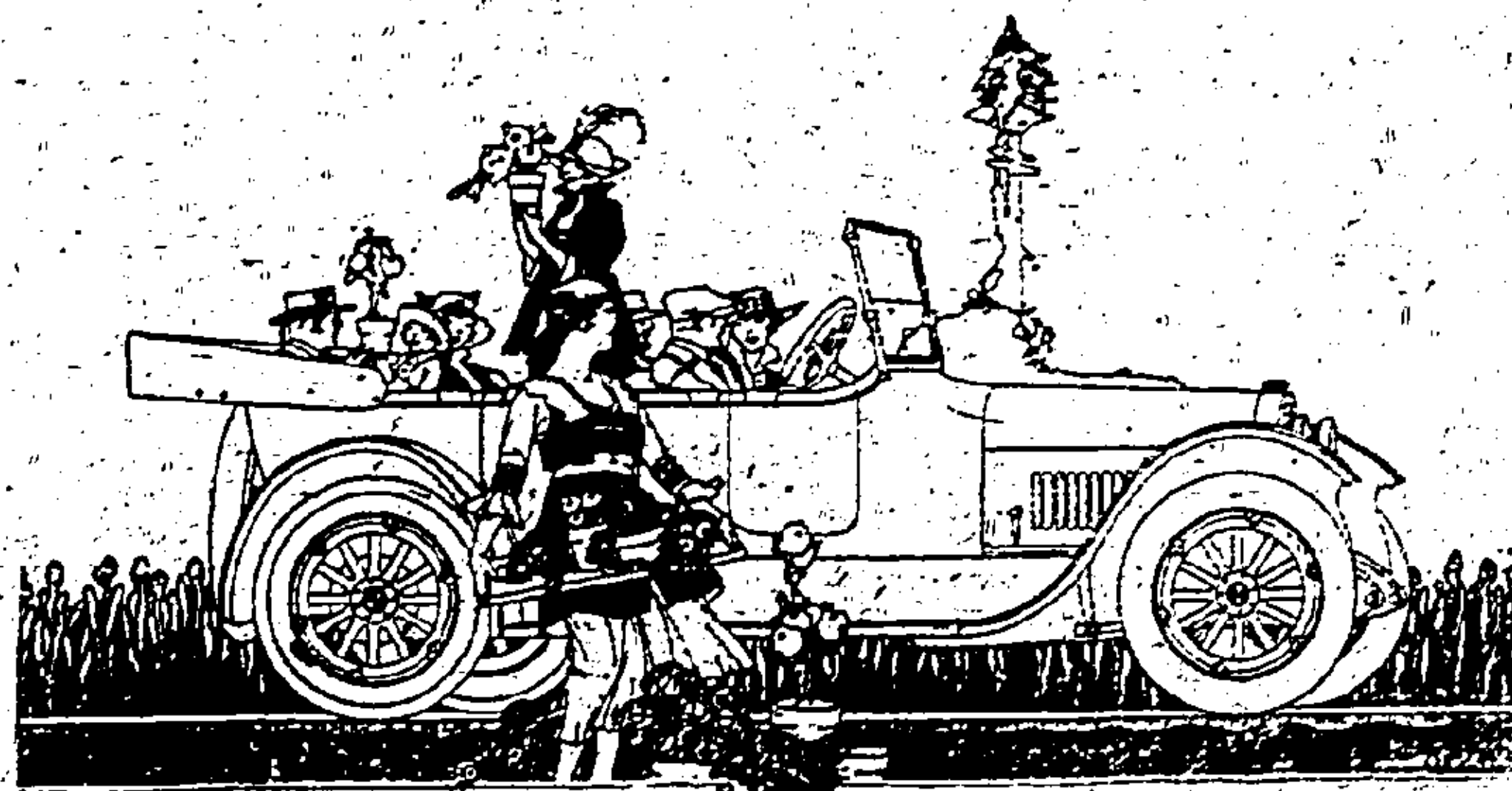
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## THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(Continued from Page 17.)

"Heaven bless her!" said the carrier, "for the cheerful constancy with which she has tried to keep the knowledge of this from me! And Heaven help me, that, in my slow mind, I have not found it out before! Poor child! Poor Dot! I not to find it out, who have seen her eyes fill with tears, when such a marriage as our own was spoken of! I, who have seen the secret trembling on her lips a hundred times, and never suspected it till last night! Poor girl! That I could ever hope she would be fond of me! That I could ever believe she was!"

"She made a show of it," said Tackleton. "She made such a show of it, that to tell you the truth it was the origin of my misgivings."

And here he asserted the superiority of Mary Fielding, who certainly made no sort of show of being fond of him.

"She has tried," said the poor carrier, with greater emotion than he had exhibited yet; "I only now begin to know how hard she has tried, to be my dutiful and zealous wife. How good she has been; how much she has done; how brave and strong a heart she has; let the happiness I have known under this roof bear witness! It will be some help and comfort to me, when I am here alone."

"Here alone?" said Tackleton. "Oh! Then you do mean to take some notice of this?"

"I mean," returned the carrier, "to do her the greatest kindness, and make her the best reparation, in my power. I can release her from the daily pain of an unequal marriage, and the struggle to conceal it. She shall be as free as I can render her."

"Make her reparation," exclaimed Tackleton, twisting and turning his great ears with his hands. "There must be something wrong here. You didn't say that, of course."

The carrier set his grip upon the collar of the toy-merchant, and shook him like a reed.

"Listen to me!" he said. "And take care that you hear me right. Listen to me. Do I speak plainly?"

"Very plainly indeed," answered Tackleton.

"As if I meant it?"

"Very much as if you meant it."

"I sat upon that hearth, last night," exclaimed the carrier. "On the spot where she has often sat beside me, with her sweet face looking into mine. I called up her whole life, day by day. I had her dear

self, in its every passage, in review before me. And upon my soul she is innocent, if there is One to judge the innocent and guilty."

Staunch cricket on the hearth! Loyal household fairies!

"Passion and distrust have left me!" said the carrier; "and nothing but my grief remains. In an unhappy moment some old lover, better suited to her tastes and years than I—forsaken, perhaps, for me, against her will—returned. In an unhappy moment, taken by surprise, and wanting time to think of what she did, she made herself a party to his treachery, by concealing it. Last night she saw him, in the interview we witnessed. It was wrong. But otherwise than this, she is innocent if there is truth on earth."

"If that is your opinion—"

Tackleton began.

"So, let her go!" pursued the carrier. "Go with my blessing for the many happy hours she has given me, and my forgiveness for any pang she has caused me. Let her go, and have the peace of mind I wish her! She'll never leave me. She'll learn to like me better, when I'm not a drag upon her, and she wears the chain I have riveted, more lightly. This is the day on which I took her, with so little thought for her enjoyment, from her home. To-day she shall return to it, and I will trouble her no more. Her father and mother will be here to-day—we had made a little plan for keeping it together—and they shall take her home. I can trust her, there, or anywhere. She leaves me without blame, and she will live so I am sure. If I should die—I may perhaps while she is still young; I have lost some courage in a few hours—she'll find that I remembered her, and loved her to the last. That is the end of what you showed me. Now, it's over!"

"Oh, no, John, not over. Do not say it's over yet! Not quite yet. I have heard your noble words. I could not steal away, pretending to be ignorant of what has affected me with such deep gratitude. Do not say it's over, till the clock has struck again!"

She had entered shortly after Tackleton, and had remained there. She never looked at Tackleton, but fixed her eyes upon her husband. But she kept away from him, setting as wide a space as possible between them; and though she spoke with most impassioned earnestness, she went no nearer to him even then. How different in this from her old self!

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone," replied the carrier, with a faint smile. "But let it be so, if you will, my dear. It will strike soon. It's of little matter what

we say. I'd try to please you in a harder case than that."

"Well!" muttered Tackleton. "I must off, for when the clock strikes again, it'll be necessary for me to be upon my way to church. Good-morning, John Peerybingle. I'm sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company. Sorry for the loss, and the occasion of it too!"

"I have spoken plainly," said the carrier, accompanying him to the door.

"Oh, quite!"

"And you'll remember what I have said?"

"Why, if you compel me to make the observation," said Tackleton, previously taking the precaution of getting into his chaise. "I must say that it was so very unexpected, that I'm far from being likely to forget it."

"The better for us both," returned the carrier. "Good-bye. I give you joy!"

"I wish I could give it to you," said Tackleton. "As I can't, thank you. Between ourselves (as I told you before, eh?), I don't much think I shall have the less joy in my married life, because Mary hasn't been so officious about me, and too demagogic. Good-bye! Take care of yourself."

His little wife, being left alone, sobbed piteously; but often dried her eyes and checked herself, to say how good he was, how excellent he was; and once or twice she laughed; so heartily, triumphantly, and incoherently (still crying all the time), that Tilly was quite horrified.

"Oh, if you please don't!" said Tilly. "It's enough to lead and bury the baby, so it is, if you please."

"Will you bring him sometimes to see his father, Tilly," inquired her mistress, drying her eyes; "when I can't live here, and have gone to my old home?"

"Oh, if you please don't!" cried Tilly, throwing back her head, and bursting out into a howl—she looked at the moment uncommonly like Boxer.

"Oh, if you please don't!"

Now, what has everybody gone and been and done with everybody, making everybody else so wretched! Ow-ow-ow!"

The soft-hearted Slowboy trailed off at this juncture, into such a deplorable howl, the more tremendous from its long suppression, that she must infallibly have awakened the baby, and frightened him into something serious (probably convulsions), if her eyes had not encountered Caleb Plummer, leading in his daughter. This spectacle restoring her to a sense of the proprieties, she stood for some few moments silent, with her mouth wide open; and then, passing off to the bed on which the baby lay asleep,

danced in a word, St. Vitus manner on the floor, and at the same time rummaged with her face and head among the bed-clothes, apparently deriving much relief from those extraordinary operations.

"Mary!" said Bertha. "Not at the marriage!"

"I told her you would not be there, mum," whispered Caleb. "I heard as much last night. But bless you," said the little man, taking her tenderly by both hands, "I don't care for what they say. I don't believe there ain't much of me, but that little should be torn to pieces sooner than I'd trust a word against you!"

He put his arms about her neck and hugged her, as a child might have hugged one of his own dolls.

"Bertha couldn't stay at home this morning," said Caleb. "She was afraid, I know, to hear the bells ring, and couldn't trust herself to be so near them on their wedding day. So we started in good time, and came here. I have been thinking of what I have done," said Caleb, after a moment's pause; "I have been blaming myself till I hardly knew what to do or where to turn, for the distress of mind I have caused her; and I've come to the conclusion that I'd better, if you'll stay with me, mum, the while, tell her the truth. You'll stay with me the while?" he inquired, trembling from head to foot.

"I don't know what effect it may have upon her; I don't know what she'll think of me; I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterwards. But it's best for her that she should be deceived, and I must bear the consequences as I deserve!"

"Mary," said Bertha, "where is your hand? Ah! Here it is; here it is!" pressing it to her lips, with a smile, and drawing it through her arm. "I heard them speaking softly among themselves, last night; of some blame against you. They were wrong."

The carrier's wife was silent. Caleb answered for her.

"They were wrong," he said. "I told them so. I scolded to hear a word! Blame her with justice!"

She pressed the hand between her own, and the soft cheek against her face. "No! I am not so blind as that."

Her father went on one side of her, while Dot remained upon the other, holding her hand.

"I know you all," said Bertha, "better than you think. But none so well as her. Not even you, father. There is nothing half so real and so true about me, as she is. If I could be restored to sight this instant, and not a word were spoken, I could

choose her from a crowd! My sister!"

"Bertha, my dear!" said Caleb. "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly! I have a confession to make to you, my darling."

"A confession, father?"

"I have wandered from the truth and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a piteous expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel."

She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him, and repeated, "Cruel!"

"He accuses himself too strongly," Bertha, said Dot. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been; though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him still; but drew back, and clung closer to her friend.

"Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happy. I have had conceitments from you, and deceations on you. God forgive me! and surrounded you with fancies."

"But living people are not fancies," she said hurriedly, and turning very pale, and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"I have done so, Bertha," pleaded Caleb. "There is one person that you know, my dove—"

"Oh, father! why do you say I know?" she answered, in a term of keen reproach. "What and whom do I know? I who have no leader: I so miserably blind!"

In the anguish of her heart, she stretched out her hands, as if she were groping her way; then spread them, in a manner most solemn and sad, upon her face.

"The marriage that takes place to-day," said Caleb, "is with a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks, and in his nature. Cold and callous always. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

"Oh, why," cried the blind girl, tortured, as it seemed, almost beyond

endurance, "why did you ever do this? Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in like Death, and tear away the objects of my love! O Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow.

She had been but a short time in this passion of regret, when the cricket on the hearth, unheard by all but her, began to chirp. Not merrily, but in a low, faint, sorrowing way. It was so mournful, that her tears began to flow; and when the presence which had been beside the carrier all night, appeared behind her, pointing to her father, they fell down like rain.

She heard the cricket-voice more plainly soon, and was conscious, through her blindness, of the presence hovering about her father.

"Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is. What is truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha: very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha. Dot continued, in a low, clear voice, "as your poor father is his sackcloth coat."

The blind girl, greatly agitated, rose, and led the carrier's little wife aside.

"Those presents that I took such care of—that came almost at my wish, and were so dearly welcome to me," she said, trembling—"where did they come from? Did you send them?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

Dot saw she knew, already; and was silent. The blind girl spread her hands before her face again. But in quite another manner now.

"Dear Mary, a moment. One moment! More this way. Speak softly to me. You are true; I know. You'd not deceive me now: would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

"No, I am sure you would not. You have too much pity for me. Mary, look across the room to where we were just now—to where my father is—my father, so compassionate and loving to me and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Dot, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair, and leaning sorrowfully on his back, with his face resting on his hand. As if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

"Yes, yes. She will. Go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, dejected,

thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But, Bertha, I have seen him many times before, and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. And I honour his gray head, and bless him!"

The blind girl broke away from her; and throwing herself upon her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

"It is my sight restored. It is my sight!" she cried. "I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died, and never truly seen the father who has been so loving to me!"

There were no words for Caleb's emotion.

"There is not a gallant figure on this earth," exclaimed the blind girl, holding him in her embrace, "that I would love so dearly, and would cherish so devotedly as this! The grayer, and more worn, the dearer, father! Never let them say I am blind again. There's not a hair upon his face, that shall be forgotten in my prayers and thanks to Heaven!"

Caleb managed to articulate, "My Bertha!"

"And in my blindness I believed him!" said the girl, caressing him with tears of exquisite emotion, "so great! And having him beside me, day by day, so mindful of me always, never dreamed of this!"

"The fresh smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said poor Caleb. "He's gone!"

"Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest father, no! Everything is here—in you. The father that I loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew; the benefactor whom I first began to reverence and love, because he had such sympathy for me; all are here in you. Nothing is dead to me. The soul of all that was most dear to me is here—here, with the worn face, and the gray head. And I am not blind, any longer!"

Dot's whole attention had been concentrated, during this discourse, upon the father and daughter; but looking now, towards the little haymaker in the Moorish meadow, she saw that the clock was within a few minutes of striking, and fell, immediately, into a nervous and excited state.

"Father," said Bertha, hesitating. "Mary."

"Yes, my dear," returned Caleb. "Here she is."

"There is no change in her. You never told me anything of her that was not true?"

(Continued on Page 21.)

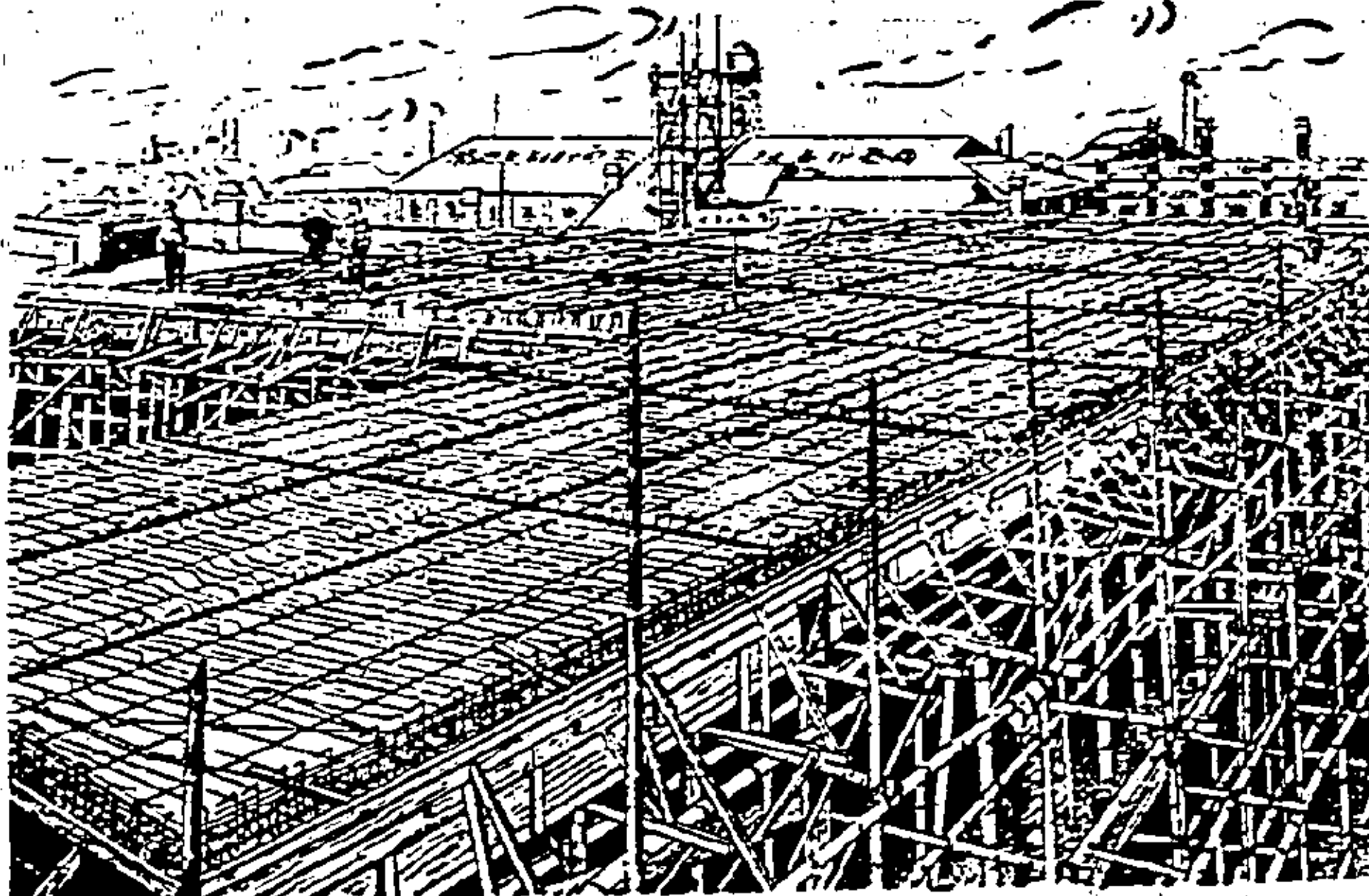
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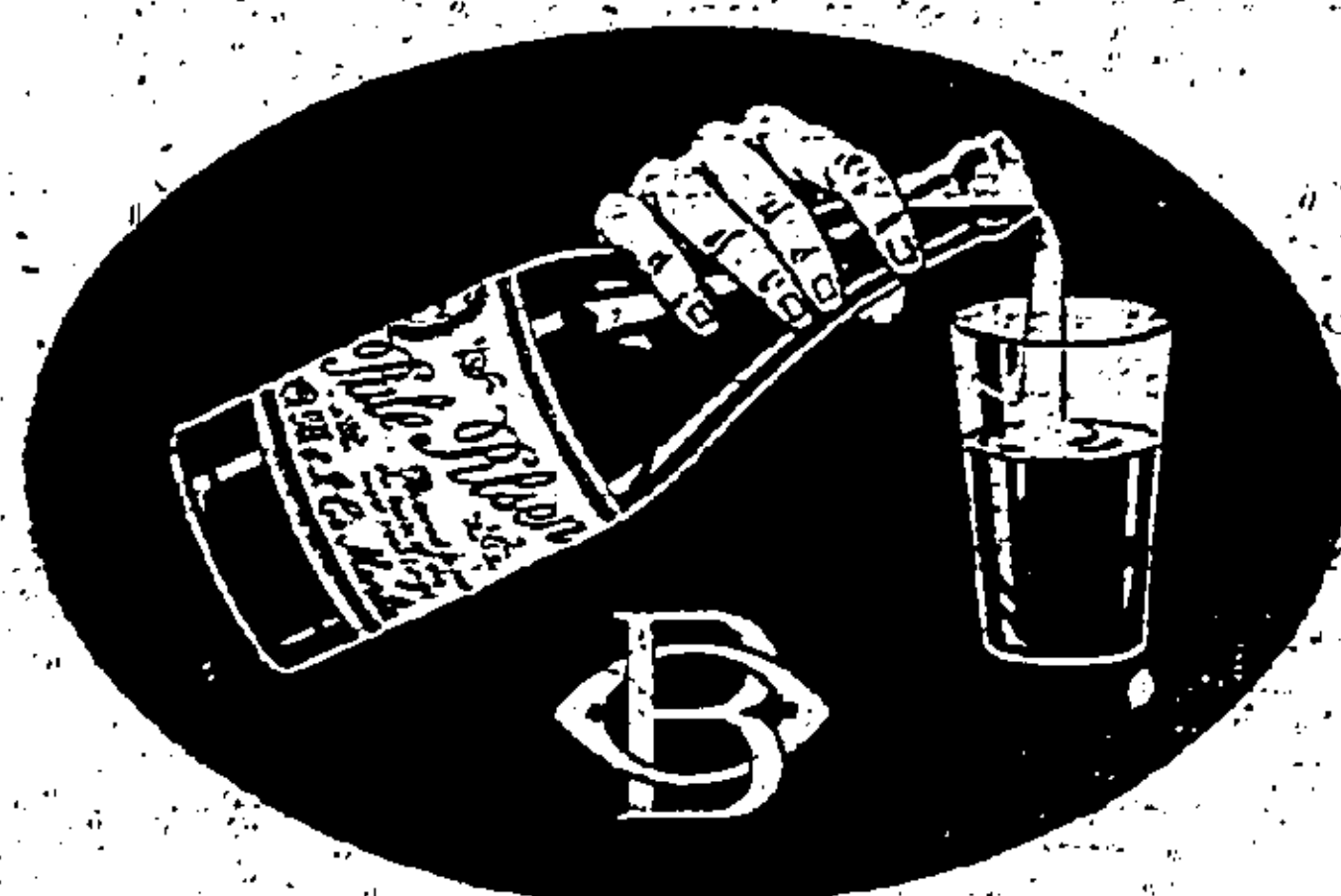
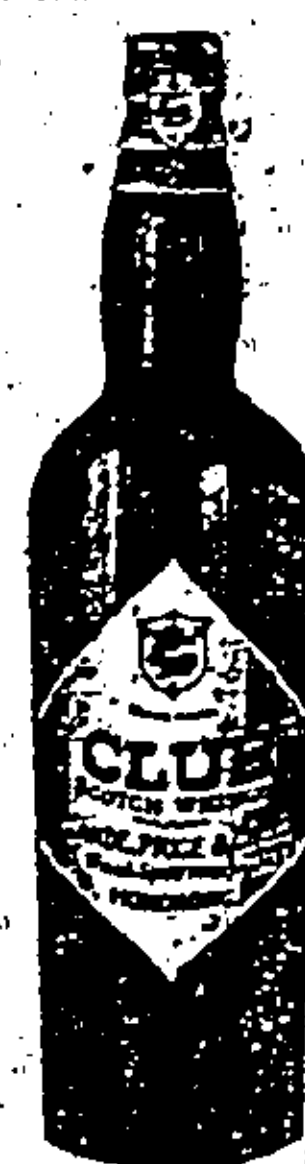
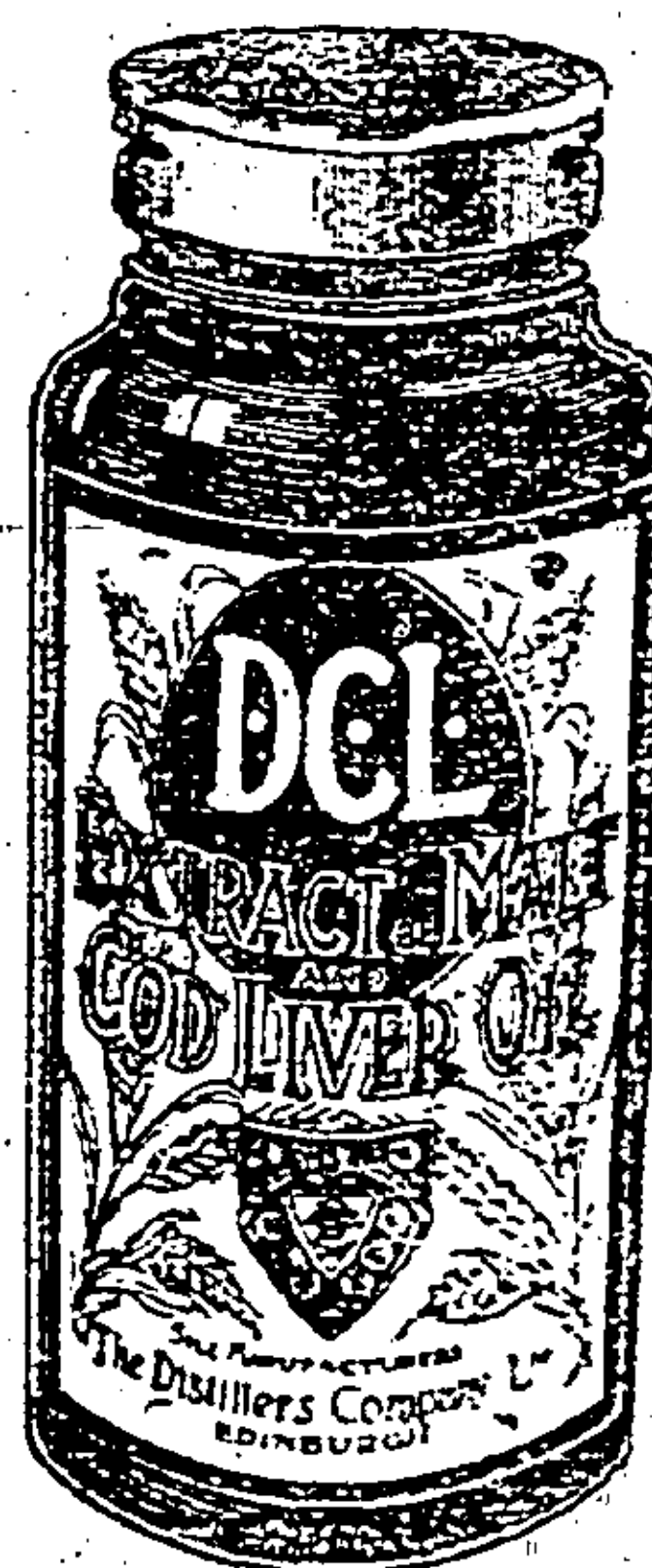
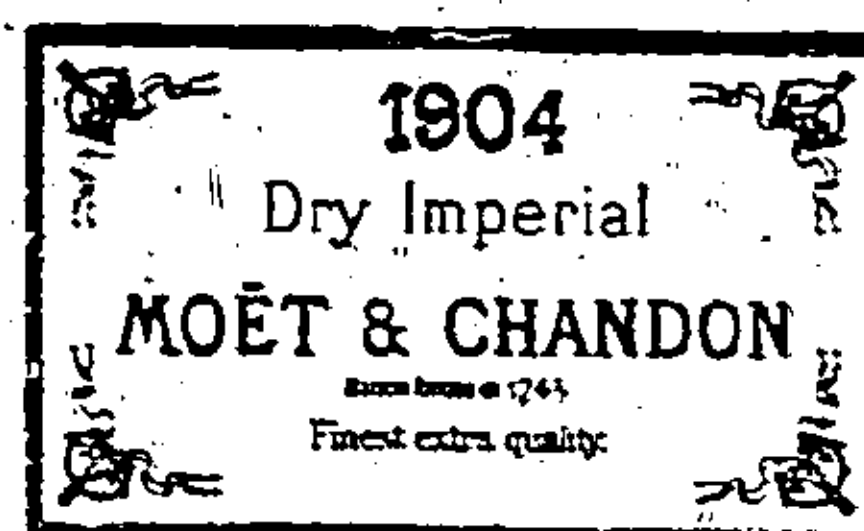
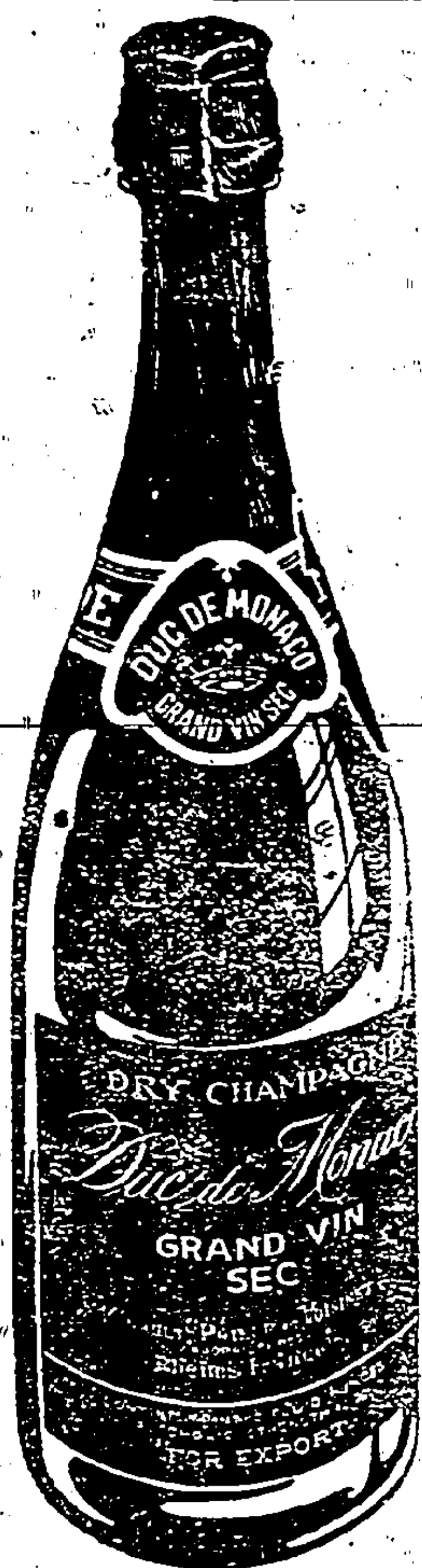




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**"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."**

(Continued from Page 19.)

"I should have done it, my dear, I am afraid," returned Caleb. "If I could have made her better than she was. But I must have changed her for the worse. If I had changed her at all. Nothing could improve her, Bertha."

Confident as the blind girl had been when she asked the question, her delight and pride in the reply, and her renewed embrace of Dot, were charming to behold.

"More changes than you think for, may happen though, my dear," said Dot. "Changes for the better, I mean; changes for great joy to some of us. You mustn't let them startle you too much, if any such should ever happen, and affect you? Are those wheels upon the road? You've a quick ear, Bertha. Are they wheels?"

"Yes. Coming very fast." "I—I know you have a quick ear," said Dot, placing her hand upon her heart, and evidently talking on, as fast as she could, to hide its palpitating state, "because I have noticed it often, and because you were so quick to find out that strange step last night. Though why you should have said, as I very well recollect you did say, Bertha, 'Whose step is that?' and why you should have taken any greater observation of it than of any other step, I don't know. Though as I said just now, there are great changes in the world—great changes—and we can't do better than prepare ourselves to be surprised at hardly anything."

Caleb wondered what this meant; perceiving that she spoke to him, no less than to his daughter. He saw her, with astonishment, so flustered and distressed that she could scarcely breathe, and holding to a chair, to save herself from falling.

"They are wheels indeed!" she parted, "coming nearer! Nearer! And now you hear them stopping at the garden gate! And now you hear a step outside the door—the same step, Bertha, is it not!—and now—"

She uttered a wild cry of uncontrolled delight; and running up to Caleb, put her hands upon his eyes, as a young man rushed into the room, and flinging away his hat into the air, came sweeping down upon them.

"Is it over?" cried Dot.

"Yes."

"Happily over?"

"Yes."

"Do you recollect the voice, dear Caleb? Did you ever hear the like of it before?" cried Dot.

"If my boy in the golden South

Americas was alive—" said Caleb, trembling.

"He is alive!" shrieked Dot, removing her hands from his eyes, and clapping them in ecstasy; "look at him! See where he stands before you, healthy and strong! Your own dear living, loving brother, Bertha!"

All honour to the little creature for her transports! All honour to her tears and laughter, when the three were locked in one another's arms! All honour to the heartiness with which she met the sunburned sailor-fellow, with his dark streaming hair, half-way, and never turned her rosy little mouth aside, but suffered him to kiss it, freely, and to press her to his bounding heart!

And honour to the cuckoo too—why not?—bursting out of the trap-door in the Moorish palace like a house-breaker, and hiccoughing twelve times on the assembled company, as if he had got drunk for joy!

The carrier, entered, started back, and well he might, to find himself in such good company.

"Look, John!" said Caleb exultingly. "Look here! My own boy from the golden South America, my own son! Him that you fitted out, and sent away yourself! Him that you were always such a friend to!"

The carrier advanced to seize him by the hand; but, recoiling, as some feature in his face awakened a remembrance of the deaf man in the cart, said—

"Edward! Was it you?"

"Now tell him all!" cried Dot. "Tell him, Edward; and don't spare me, for nothing shall make me spare myself in his eyes, ever again."

"I was the man," said Edward, "And could you seal, disguised, into the house of your old friend?" rejoined the carrier. "There was a frank boy once—how many years is it, Caleb, since we heard that he was dead, and had it proved, we thought—who never would have done that."

"There was a generous friend of mine, once—more a father to me than a friend," said Edward, "who never would have judged me, or any other man, unheard. You were he. So I am certain you will hear me now."

The carrier, with a troubled glance at Dot, who still kept far away from him, replied, "Well! that's but fair, I will."

"You must know that when I left here, a boy," said Edward, "I was in love; and my love was returned. She was a very young girl, who perhaps (you may tell me) didn't know her own mind. But I knew mine; and I had a passion for her."

"You had!" exclaimed the carrier.

"Indeed I had," returned the other.

"And she returned it. I have ever

since believed she did, and now I am sure she did."

"Heaven help me!" said the carrier. "This is worse than all."

"Constant to her," said Edward, "and returning, full of hope, after many hardships and perils, to redeem my part of our old contract, I heard, twenty miles away, that she was false to me; that she had forgotten me; and had bestowed herself upon another and a richer man. I had no mind to reproach her; and I wished to see her, and to prove beyond dispute that this was true. I hoped she might have been forced into it, against her own desire and recollection. It would be small comfort, but it would be some."

I thought, and on I came. That I might have the truth, the real truth; observing freely for myself, and judging for myself, without obstruction on the one hand, or presenting my own influence (if I had any) before her, on the other. I dressed myself unlike myself—you know how; and waited on the road, you know where. You had no suspicion of me; neither had—had she," pointing to Dot, "until I whispered in her ear at that fireside, and she so nearly betrayed me."

"But when she knew that Edward was alive, and had come back, sobbed Dot, now speaking for herself, as she had turned to do, all through this narrative; and when she knew his purpose, she advised him by all means to keep his secret close; for his old friend John Peerybingle was much too open in his nature, and too clumsy in all artifice—being a clumsy man in general," said Dot, half laughing and half crying—"to keep it for him. And when she—that's me, John," sobbed the little woman—"told him all, and how his sweetheart had believed him to be dead; and how she had at last been over-persuaded by her mother into a marriage with the silly, dear old thing called advantageous; and when she—that's me again, John—told him they were not yet married (though close upon it), and that it would be nothing but a sacrifice if it went on, for there was no love on her side; and when he went nearly mad with joy to hear it; then she—that's me again—said she would go between them, as she had often done before in old times, John, and would sound his sweetheart and be sure that what she—me again, John—said and thought was right. And it was right, John! And they were brought together, John! And they were married, John, an hour ago! And here's the bride! And Guff and Tackleton may die a bachelor! And I'm a happy little woman, Mav. God bless you!"

She was an irresistible little woman, it that be anything to the purpose; and never so completely irresistible as in her present transports.

There never were congratulations so endearing and delicious, as those she lavished on herself and on the bride.

Amid the tumult of emotions in his breast, the honest carrier had stood, confounded. Flying, now, towards her, Dot stretched out her hand to stop him, and retreated as before.

"No, John, no! Hear all! Don't love me any more, John, till you've heard every word I have to say. It was wrong to have a secret from you, John. I'm very sorry. I didn't think it any harm, till I came and sat down by you on the little stool last night. But when I knew by what was written in your face, that you had seen me walking in the gallery with Edward, and when I knew what you thought, I felt how giddy and how wrong it was. But oh, dear John, how could you, could you, think so?"

Little woman, how she sobbed again! John Peerybingle would have caught her in his arms. But no; she wouldn't let him.

"Don't love me yet, please John! Not for a long time yet! When I was sad about this intended marriage, dear, it was because I remembered May and Edward such young lovers; and knew that her heart was far away from Tackleton. You believe that, now, Don't you, John?"

John was going to make another rush at this appeal; but she stopped him again.

"No; keep there, please John! When I laugh at you, as I sometimes do, John, and call you clumsy and a dear old goose, and names of that sort, it's because I love you, John, so well; and take such pleasure in your ways, and wouldn't see you altered in the least respect to have you made a king to-morrow."

"Hooroar!" said Caleb, with unusual vigour. "My opinion!"

"And when I speak of people being middle-aged, and steady, John, and pretend that we are a humdrum couple, going on in a jog-trot sort of way, it's only because I'm am such a silly little thing, John, that I like, sometimes, to act a kind of play with baby, and all that; and make believe."

She said that he was coming; and stopped him again. But she was very nearly too late.

"No, don't love me for another minute or two, if you please, John! What I want most to tell you, I have kept to the last. My dear, good, generous John, when we were talking the other night about the cricket, I had it on my lips to say, that at first I did not love you quite so dearly as I do now; that when I first came home here, I was half afraid, I might not learn to love you every bit as well as I hoped and prayed I might—being so very young, John! But, dear

John, every day and hour, I loved you more and more. And if I could have loved you better than I do, the noble words I heard you say this morning, would have made me. But I can't. All the affection that I had (it was a great deal, John) I gave you, as you well deserve, long, long ago, and I have no more left to give. Now, my dear husband, take me to your heart again! That's my home, John; and never, never think of sending me to any other!"

You never will derive so much delight from seeing a glorious little woman in the arms of a third party, as you would have, felt if you had seen Dot run into the carrier's embrace. It was the most complete, unmitigated, soul-fraught little piece of earnestness that ever you beheld in all your days.

You may be sure the carrier was in a state of perfect rapture; and you may be sure Dot was likewise; and you may be sure they all were, inclusive of Miss Slowboy, who wept copiously for joy; and, wishing to include her young charge in the general interchange of congratulations, handed round the baby to everybody in succession, as if it were something to drink.

But now the sound of wheels was heard again outside the door; and somebody exclaimed that Guff and Tackleton was coming back. Speedily that worthy gentleman appeared, looking warm and flustered.

"Why, what the devil's this, John Peerybingle?" said Tackleton. "There's some mistake. I appointed Mrs. Tackleton to meet me at the church, and I'll swear I passed her on the road, on her way here. Oh! here she is! I beg your pardon, sir; I haven't the pleasure of knowing you; but if you can do me the favour to spare this young lady, she has rather a particular engagement this morning."

"But I can't spare her," returned Edward. "I couldn't think of it."

"What do you mean, you vagabond?" said Tackleton.

"I mean that, as I can make allowance for your being vexed," returned the other, with a smile, "I am as deaf to harsh discourse this morning as I was to all discourse last night."

The look that Tackleton bestowed upon him, and the start he gave!

"I am sorry, sir," said Edward, holding out May's left hand, and especially the third finger, "that the young lady can't accompany you to church; but as she has been there once this morning, perhaps you'll excuse her."

Tackleton looked hard at the third finger, and took a little piece of silver

paper, apparently containing a ring, from his waistcoat pocket.

"Miss Slowboy," said Tackleton, "will you have the kindness to throw that in the fire? Thank'ee."

"It was a previous engagement, quite an old engagement, that prevented my wife from keeping her appointment with you, I assure you," said Edward.

"Mr. Tackleton will do me the justice to acknowledge that I revealed it to him faithfully; and that I told him, many times, I never could forget it," said May, blushing.

"Oh, certainly!" said Tackleton. "Oh, to be sure. Oh, it's all right. It's quite correct. Mrs. Edward Plummer, I infer?"

"That's the name!" returned the bridegroom.

"Ah! I shouldn't have known you, sir," said Tackleton, scrutinising his face narrowly, and making a low bow. "I give you joy, sir!"

"Thank'ee."

"Mrs. Peerybingle," said Tackleton, turning suddenly to where she stood with her husband; "I am sorry. You haven't done me a very great kindness, but upon my life I am sorry. You are better than I thought you. John Peerybingle, I am sorry. You understand me; that's enough. It's quite correct, ladies and gentlemen all, and perfectly satisfactory. Good-morning!"

With these words he carried it off, and carried himself off too; merely stopping at the door, to take the flowers and favours from his horse's head, and to kick that animal once, in the ribs, as a means of informing him that there was a screw loose in his arrangements.

Of course, it became a serious duty now, to make such a day of it, as should mark these events for a high feast and festival in the Peerybingle calendar for evermore. Accordingly, Dot went to work to produce such an entertainment, as should reflect undying honour on the house and on every one concerned; and in a very short space of time, she was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, and whitening the carrier's coat, every time he came near her, by stopping him to give him a kiss. That good fellow washed the greens, and peeled the turnips, and broke the plates, and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire, and made himself useful in all sorts of ways; while a couple of professional assistants, hastily called in from somewhere in the neighbourhood, as on a point of life or death, ran against each other in all the doorways and round all the corners; and everybody tumbled over Tilly Slowboy and the baby everywhere. Tilly never came out in such force before. Her ubiquity

was the theme of general admiration. She was a stumbling-block in the passage at five-and-twenty minutes past two; a man-trap in the kitchen at half-past two precisely; and a pit-fall in the garret at five-and-twenty minutes to three. The baby's head was, as it were, a test and touchstone for every description of matter—animal, vegetable, and mineral. Nothing was in use that day that didn't come, at some time or other, into close acquaintance with it.

Then there was a great expedition set on foot to go and find out Mrs. Fielding; and to be dismally penitent to that excellent gentlewoman; and to bring her back by force, if needful, to be happy and forgiving. And when the expedition first discovered her, she would listen to no terms at all, but said, an unspeakable number of times, that ever she should have lived to see the day; and could not be got to say anything else, except "Now carry me to the grave," which seemed absurd, on account of her not being dead; or anything at all like it. After a time, she lapsed into a state of dreadful calmness, and observed, that when that unfortunate train of circumstances had occurred in the indigo trade, she had foreseen that she would be exposed, during her whole life, to every species of insult and contumely; and that she was glad to find it was the case; and begged they wouldn't trouble themselves about her—for what was she? oh, dear! a nobody!—but would forget that such a being lived, and would take their course in life without her. From this bitterly sarcastic mood, she passed into an angry one, in which she gave vent to the remarkable expression that the woman would turn if trodden on; and, after that, she yielded to a soft regret, and said, if they had only given her their confidence, what might she not have had in her power to suggest. Taking advantage of this crisis in her feelings, the expedition embraced her; and she very soon had her gloves on, and was on her way to John Peerybingle's in a state of unimpeachable gentility; with a paper parcel at her side containing a cap of state, almost as tall, and quite as stiff, as a mitre.

Then there were Dot's father and mother to come, in another little chase; and they were behind their time, and tears were entertained; and there was much looking out for them down the road; and Mrs. Fielding always would look in the wrong and morally impossible direction; and being apprised thereof, hoped she might take the liberty of looking where she pleased. At last they came: a chubby little couple, jogging

(Continued on Page 26.)

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"DELTA"	5,000	4th Feb.	Do
"DUNERA"	5,400	7th Feb.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"LABORER" (Cargo)	5,300	14th Feb.	Do
"ALFORD" (Cargo)	5,300	27th Feb.	Do

## BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS (South)

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"TANDA"	7,000	29th Dec.	Straits, Rangoon and Calcutta.

## EASTERN &amp; AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South)

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"ST. ALBANS"	4,500	22nd Dec.	Sandakan, Thursday Island, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne.
"EASTERN"	5,400	19th Dec.	Do
"KAROWNA"	7,000	18th Feb.	Do

## SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI &amp; JAPAN

S. S.	Tons	From Hongkong (about)	Destination
"PLASSY" (Cargo)	7,400	26th Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"BANCA" (Cargo)	6,000	22nd Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"DILWARA"	5,400	29th Dec.	Shanghai only.
"EASTERN"	5,400	4th Jan.	Japan direct.
"DELTA"	5,000	9th Jan.	Shanghai and Japan.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FITTED ON ALL STEAMERS.

Tickets Interchangeable.  
First Saloon Passengers may travel by B.I.S.N. Company's steamers between  
Singapore and Calcutta or Singapore and Madras in lieu of the section of  
their P. & O. Tickets Singapore to Colombo.  
All Cabins are fitted with Electric Fans free of charge.  
Steamers and Sailing dates are liable to be cancelled or altered without notice.  
Parcels weighing not more than 25 lbs. x 2 ft. x 1 ft. will be received at the  
Company's Office up to noon on the day previous to sailing.

## NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

Consignees are reminded of the necessity to apply to the Company's Agents  
regarding arrival of consignments expected of which they have received documents or  
advices.

Any damaged packages must be left in the Godowns for examination by the  
Consignee and the Company's Surveyors, Messrs. Goddard and Douglas, at 10 a.m.  
on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS. All claims must be presented within ten days  
of the steamer's arrival here, after which date they cannot be recognised. No  
claims will be admitted after the goods have left the Godowns.

For further information, Passage Rates, Freight, and other, apply to  
MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.,  
22, Des Voeux Road Central, HONGKONG. Agents.

## N. Y. K.

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.

SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

SEATTLE & VICTORIA via Manila, Shanghai & Japan ports.  
Cargo to Overland Points U.S. in connection with Great Northern, Northern  
Pacific and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railways.

KATORI MARU ... .. Tuesday, 28th Dec., at 11 a.m.  
TAMURA MARU ... .. Thursday, 30th Jan., at 11 a.m.  
KASHIMA MARU (omit, Manila) ... .. Wednesday, 28th Jan., at 11 a.m.

LONDON & ANTWERP via Singapore, Malacca, Penang  
Colombo, Suez, Port Said & Marseilles.

IYO MARU ... .. Wednesday, 28th Dec., at 11 a.m.  
ATSUTA MARU ... .. Friday, 7th Jan., at 11 a.m.  
SHIDZUKA MARU ... .. Friday, 21st Jan., at 11 a.m.

HAMBURG, LONDON & ROTTERDAM via Suez,  
LIMA MARU ... .. Sunday, 19th Dec., at 7 a.m.

LIVERPOOL & MARSEILLES via Suez,  
AWA MARU ... .. Tuesday, 28th December.

SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila, Zamboanga, Thursday  
Island, Townsville & Brisbane.

TANGO MARU ... .. Wednesday, 22nd Dec., at 11 a.m.  
NIKKU MARU ... .. Middle of January.

NEW YORK via Manila, Java, Straits, via Suez,  
NAGANO MARU ... .. Wednesday, 29th December.

SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS via Cape,  
BOMBAY & COLOMBO via Singapore.

RANGOON MARU ... .. Tuesday, 11th January.

CALCUTTA & RANGOON via Singapore & Penang,  
YEBOSHI MARU ... .. Thursday, 30th December.

TAKAO MARU ... .. Thursday, 6th January.

JAPAN PORTS—Nagasaki, Kobe & Yokohama,  
AKI MARU ... .. Saturday, 22nd Jan., at 11 a.m.

SHANGHAI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA,  
OKUSHIMA MARU ... .. Friday, 24th Dec., at 11 a.m.

RAGA MARU ... .. Friday, 24th Dec., at 11 a.m.  
HOSU MARU (omit, Yokohama) ... .. Friday, 24th Dec., at 11 a.m.

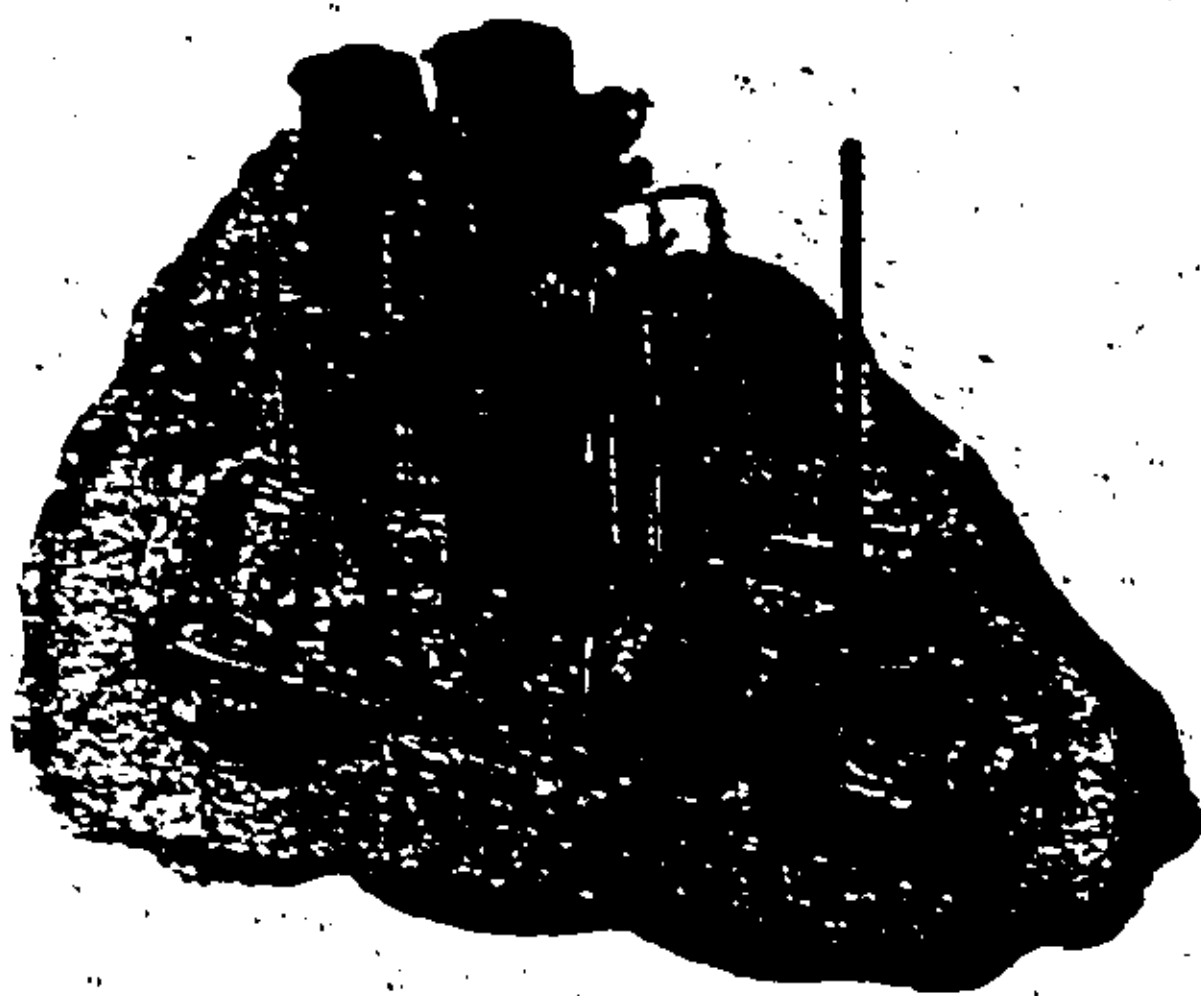
YOKOHAMA MARU ... .. Friday, 24th Dec., at 11 a.m.

For further information apply to—  
NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.  
S. YASUDA, Manager.

Telephone Nos. 292 &amp; 293.

# BOLINDER CRUDE OIL ENGINES.

Unsurpassed in  
Reliability and  
Simplicity.



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Reliability and  
Simplicity.

MARINE ENGINES  
DIRECT REVERSIBLES  
5 to 500 B.H.P.

STATIONARY  
ENGINES  
3 to 320 B.H.P.

PORTABLE  
ENGINES  
5 to 30 B.H.P.

Stocks Carried or to order of the Following:—

Delco Lighting Plants.  
"Herbert Morris" High Class Chain Blocks,  
Cranes, Travelling Trolleys, etc.  
"Algor" Boiler Compound.

Motor Bearing Metals.  
Knitting Machines.  
Motor Garage Pumps.  
Tanning Machinery, etc.

Large Stock of Spare Parts Carried.

Sole Agents for the EAST.

## W. G. HUMPHREYS & CO.

MACHINERY DEPARTMENT, HONGKONG.

TEL. 228.

TEL. ADDRESS: ABEONA.

## SHIPPING.

## NEW YORK DIRECT.

JOINT SERVICE OF THE

### "BLUE FUNNEL" LINE

(OCEAN S.S. CO. LD. &amp; CHINA MUTUAL S.S. CO. LD.)

## AMERICAN &amp; MANCHURIAN LINE

(ELLERMAN &amp; BUCKNALL S.S. CO. LD.)

## SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

"ROMEO" ... .. 30th Dec.  
"CITY OF AGRA" ... .. 7th Jan.  
"LAOMEDON" ... .. 13th Jan.  
Calls at Boston.

Steamers proceed via Suez Canal or Panama Canal at Owners' option.  
Subject to change without notice.

For freight and particulars apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE or THE BANK LINE, LD., HONGKONG.  
HONGKONG & CANTON REIS & CO., CANTON.

## THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD.,

COPENHAGEN.

### M.S. "CHILE"

will be loading about the middle of January for Copenhagen  
taking Cargo on through B.I.L. of Lading to Scandinavia and  
Baltic destinations at Conference rates. If sufficient inducement  
offer, vessel will call at any Scandinavian and/or Baltic and/or  
Continental ports including Hamburg, but excepting Havre.

For space and particulars apply to—

THORESEN & CO.,  
Agents.

## STEAMING COAL.

Contracts Solicited for Bunkering Ships  
at Hongkong, Shanghai, Keelung (Formosa)  
And All Leading Japan Ports.

### K. KIMURA & CO.

2, Connaught Road Central.  
Cable Add. "Propaganda" Tel. No. 2530.

## TAIYO & CO.

JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We have removed our Premises to

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Sitting hours from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Passport photos finished

in one hour.

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Japanese Photographers.

We have removed our Premises to

No. 36A, Queen's Road, C.

Sitting hours from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Passport photos finished

in one hour.

## MITSUBISHI SHOJI KAISHA, LTD.

(Mitsubishi Trading Co., Ltd.)

COAL, GENERAL IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

TAKASHIMA, OCHI, MUTAER,

KISHIDA, KISHIDA, KISHIDA,

HOJO, KAMAZUTA, SATO, SHIN-

NEW, KANADA, KIRAI, KAMITA-

MADA, and OTUBARI.

AGENTS FOR SAKITO COAL.

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Dairen, Tientsin, Hankow, Hankow,

Shanghai, Hongkong, Canton, Manila,

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Cable Address:—IWASA-KISAL

Codes:—A.I. A. B. C. 8th Ed.

Western Union and Bantley.

Agencies for: The Mitsunishi Marine &amp;

Fire Insurance Co.

The Osaka Marine &amp;

Fire Insurance Co.

For Particulars, apply to—

S. KOMURA, Manager.

No. 14, PRINCE STREET, HONGKONG.

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APOLIST

PILLS

A French Preparation for the Treatment of

Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, etc.

It is a Powerful and Safe Remedy, and is

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

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## SHIPPING

**PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.**  
U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Operating the New First Class Steamers  
"ECUADOR" "VENEZUELA"  
"COLOMBIA"  
HONGKONG TO SAN FRANCISCO,  
via SHANGHAI, KOBE, YOKOHAMA & HONOLULU.  
THE SUNSHINE BELT.  
The most comfortable route to America and Europe.  
Sailing from HONGKONG at NOON.  
"COLOMBIA" ... Wednesday, Dec. 29th.  
"VENEZUELA" ... Wednesday, Jan. 26th.  
"ECUADOR" ... Wednesday, Feb. 23rd.  
SHANGHAI-HONGKONG-  
CALCUTTA SERVICE.  
U. S. SHIPPING BOARD VESSEL FOR SAN FRANCISCO.  
PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.  
HOTEL MANSON, 112, QUEEN STREET, HONGKONG.  
To agents 112, QUEEN STREET, HONGKONG.

*Under American Flag*

## STRUTHERS & DIXON, INC.

Operating Far Eastern services for account of the

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD.

ALSO

Amalgamated with

COSMOPOLITAN SHIPPING CO., NEW YORK.

GREEN STAR LINE, NEW YORK.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

"WEST CACTUS" ... 27th December.

FOR SEATTLE &amp; VANCOUVER.

"DEUEL" ... 27th December.

FOR NEW YORK, &amp; BALTIMORE.

"MURANA" ... 15th January.

For SHAI, DAIREN, (DALNY), KOBE &amp; YAMAHA.

For MANILA.

Through Bills of Lading issued to all U. S. and Canadian

Overland Common Points.

HONGKONG OFFICE:—1st Floor Powell's Building, 12 Des Voeux Rd., Tel. 3008.

## WATERHOUSE LINE

TRANS PACIFIC FREIGHT SERVICE.

Operating the following U. S. Shipping Board Steamers

For

SEATTLE-TACOMA-VICTORIA-VANCOUVER

via Kobe and Yokohama.

"DEWIGHT" ... 27th December.

"WEST JESTER" ... 10th Jan. 1921.

Further sailings to be announced later.

Through Bills issued to all Overland Common Points

in U.S. and Canada.

For rates and further particulars apply to

FRANK WATERHOUSE &amp; COMPANY,

1st Floor, HOTEL MANSON, TEL. No. 3507.

## Koninklyke Paketvaart Maatschappij.

(ROYAL PACKET NAVIGATION CO. OF BATAVIA).

THE Steamship

### "VAN WAERWYCK"

will be despatched

To SINGAPORE, PENANG and BELAWAN DELI.

This vessel offers excellent Cabin accommodation for Saloon-passengers.

Wireless Telegraphy.

For Freight and Passage apply to:

JAVA-CHINA-JAPAN LIJN,

Telephone No. 1574. Agents.

## HOUSEHOLD COAL

On and after November 1st, 1920, until further notice, we are

prepared to accept orders for HOUSEHOLD COAL

re-screamed in Hongkong at the following prices:—

Delivered to Peak District (above Bowen Road), \$22.00 per ton.

"Bowen Road and Lower Levels" ... \$21.00 per ton.

and Kowloon ... \$21.00 per ton.

TERMS:—CASH WITH ORDER.

(CHEQUES PAYABLE TO "KAILAN MINING ADMINISTRATION")

KAILAN MINING ADMINISTRATION

HEAD OFFICE:—TIENTSIN.

AGENTS:—DODWELL &amp; CO., LTD.,

HONGKONG.

## HOO CHEONG WO & CO.

Shipchandlers, Metals and Hardware Merchants.

Ball Makers and General Store Keepers.

M. &amp; S. CONNAUGHT ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG.

Telephone No. 581. Code A. B. C. 8th.

## THE KWONG HIP LUNG CO., LTD.

ENGINEERS and SHIPBUILDERS, BOILER-MAKERS, TRUSS and TRON

FOUNDERS. All work done in this establishment is guaranteed. We have

over thirty years' experience. We own two shipyards and are now constructing a ship

of 200 feet long.

Town Office: 64, CONNAUGHT ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG. Telephone No. 40.

Shipyard: 18, Des Voeux Rd., Kowloon, Hongkong. Telephone No. 1.

Estimates furnished on application.

Hongkong, April 1, 1912.











## NOTICES.

THE ASSOCIATED BRASS AND COPPER MANUFACTURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

**EVERYTHING IN BRASS OR COPPER**

Sole Agents:  
**ARNHOLD BROTHERS & Co., Ltd.**  
CHINA & HONGKONG.

## CHURCH SERVICES.

A CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR IS MADE FOR ALL NOTICES ENTERED THIS HEADING.

## ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.

HONGKONG, DECEMBER 19TH 1920  
FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Bible Communion at 7.30 a.m.  
Children's Service 10 a.m.  
Matins at 11 a.m.  
Cathedral Choir.  
Responses, Psalms, Venite, Tenebrae (19th).  
Psalm 94 (Tenebrae), Te Deum.  
Woodward, Mozart, Tenebrae.  
Benedictus, Garrett, Anthem: "Lift thine eyes," Sullivan; Hymn, 91.  
Holy Communion 12 noon.  
Evening at 6 p.m.  
Auxiliary Choir.

First Church of Christ Scientist.  
MacDonnell Road.  
Sunday, 11.15 a.m.  
Wednesday, 5.30 p.m.

## PASSENGERS.

## DEPARTURES.

Per ss. "Korea Maru" yesterday:  
Miss E. Atkinson, Mr. R. Alter, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Ashmore, Mr. J. S. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Perry, Mr. J. L. Broughton, Mrs.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRATON Y. LPGA & CO.  
Agents for  
Banco Nacional Ultramarino, Maten.  
Yorkshire Insurance Co., Ltd.  
International Petroleum Co., Ltd.  
Tel. No. 332.

BRUNNER MOND & CO., LTD.  
Alkali Manufacturers.  
Tel. 1630. 7, Queen's Rd. Central.

CHINA AGENCY & TRADING CO. OF HONGKONG.  
Iron, Steel & Piece Goods.  
Tel. 2143. 10, Queen's Rd. Central.

CHINA OVERSEAS TRADING CO.  
(1919), LTD.  
Importers and Exporters.  
Tel. 1104. 16, Queen's Rd. Central.

CHU KYOKU TRADING CO.  
Importers and Exporters.  
7, Queen's Rd. Central.  
Tel. 2108 and 2908.

EDWARD MOW FUNG.  
Import & Export Merchant.  
Tel. 1676. 60, Des Voeux Rd. Ck.

THE KWONG KWUI.  
Photographic Suppliers.  
Tel. 2170. 60, Queen's Rd. Central.

LAZARUS, N.  
Opticians.  
Tel. 2203. 28, Queen's Rd. Central.

LOCK HUNG.  
Curio Dealers.  
33, Queen's Rd. Central.

MUMEYA & SANO.  
Japanese Photographers.  
Tel. 254. 8A, Queen's Rd. Central.

STANLEY & CO., U.  
Importers and Exporters.  
Tel. 969. 38-40, Queen's Rd. Ck.

**HIMROD'S**

Gives Instant Relief

No matter what your respiratory organs may be suffering from—whether ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, NASAL CATARRH, or ORDINARY COUGH.

—you will find in this famous remedy a restorative power that is simply unequalled.

60 TABLETS

60 TABLETS

CURE FOR ASTHMA

## THE BLUE FUNNEL LINE

## REGULAR AND FAST FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

## LONDON SERVICE

(Direct)

"PYRRHUS"	21st Dec.	London, Amsterdam & Antwerp
"RHESUS"	4th Dec.	London, Amsterdam & Hamburg
"MACHAON"	11th Jan.	London, Rotterdam & Hamburg
"GANTA"	28th Jan.	London, Amsterdam & Hamburg
"IXION"	6th Feb.	London, Amsterdam & Antwerp

## LIVERPOOL SERVICE

(Direct or via Continental Ports)

"DEMODOCUS"	24th Dec.	Genoa, Liverpool & Glasgow
"ALCINOUS"	3rd Jan.	Marseilles, Havre & Liverpool
"HECTOR"	11th Jan.	Liverpool
"BELLEROPHON"	19th Jan.	Genoa, Marseilles & Liverpool

## PACIFIC SERVICE

(via Kobe and Yokohama)

"TYNDAROS"	31st Dec.	Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver
"TEUCER"	1st Feb.	
"PROTESILAUS"	15th Feb.	

## NEW YORK SERVICE

(via Suez or Panama)

"TYDEUS"	10th January	
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HOMEWARD PASSENGER SERVICE

"PYRRHUS"	21st Dec.	for London direct
"RHESUS"	1st Feb.	for Liverpool direct
"MENTOR"	22nd Feb.	for London direct
"TERESIAS"	1st March	for Liverpool direct
"STENTOR"	15th March	for Liverpool direct

For Freight and all Information Apply to  
**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,**  
AGENTS.

## POST OFFICE NOTICES.

Telegraphic Communication with Gap Rock Lighthouse is interrupted.

REGISTERED and PARCEL MAILS are closed 15 minutes earlier than the time given below unless otherwise stated, and where mails are advertised to close at or before 9 a.m. registered and parcel mails are closed at 5 p.m. on the previous day.

The U.S. Postal Administration have made arrangements for the transmission of unregistered commercial mail-matter destined for New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Seattle, San Francisco and Portland by aeroplane from Victoria B.C. to Seattle. Commercial correspondence from Hongkong addressed to firms in these cities will be so forwarded if superscribed "Seaplane Service Victoria-Seattle." This only applies to mails forwarded to the U.S. via Victoria B.C.

## INWARD MAILS.

From SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

Shanghai	Devacha
Shanghai	Chili

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19.

Shanghai	Sinkiang
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## ENTERTAINMENTS.

**THE CORONET**

To-day at 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15

**WILLIAM DESMOND**

— IN —

**"A BROADWAY COWBOY"**

CORONET REVIEW.

SNUB POLLARD in  
**"CALL A TAXI."**

TEL. 2511. **HONGKONG THEATRE.** TEL. 2511.

TO-NIGHT, at 5.15 & 9.15  
**MARY PICKFORD**

— IN —

**"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"**

in 8 parts.

Prices will be slightly increased for this production.

EUROPE via Suez (Newspapers only) ..... Knight Templar  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 20.

EUROPE via Negapatam (Letters only) ..... Hong-Wan-I  
Shanghai and Japan ..... Katori Maru  
Straits ..... Tokushima Maru  
Japan ..... St. Albans

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25.

Straits and Calcutta ..... Kōtsu Maru

## OUTWARD MAILS.

For SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

Fort Bayard	Vasun	2 p.m.
Japan	Seigon Maru	2 p.m.
Shanghai and North China	Xingchow	3 p.m.
Shanghai and North China	Shinfoo	4 p.m.
Samsui and Wuchow	Kwongying	4 p.m.
*Swatow, *Shanghai and *North China	Wingsang	5 p.m.

\* Correspondence bearing vessel's name only

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FOR

COMING CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR

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**CHOICE TIENTSIN RUGS**

AND

**IMPORTED RUGS**

IN

LATEST STYLES JUST ARRIVED?

COME and SELECT EARLY.

**THE SINCERE COMPANY, LIMITED.**